THE WORKS OF Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand.*
MDCCXIV.

WORKS

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING,

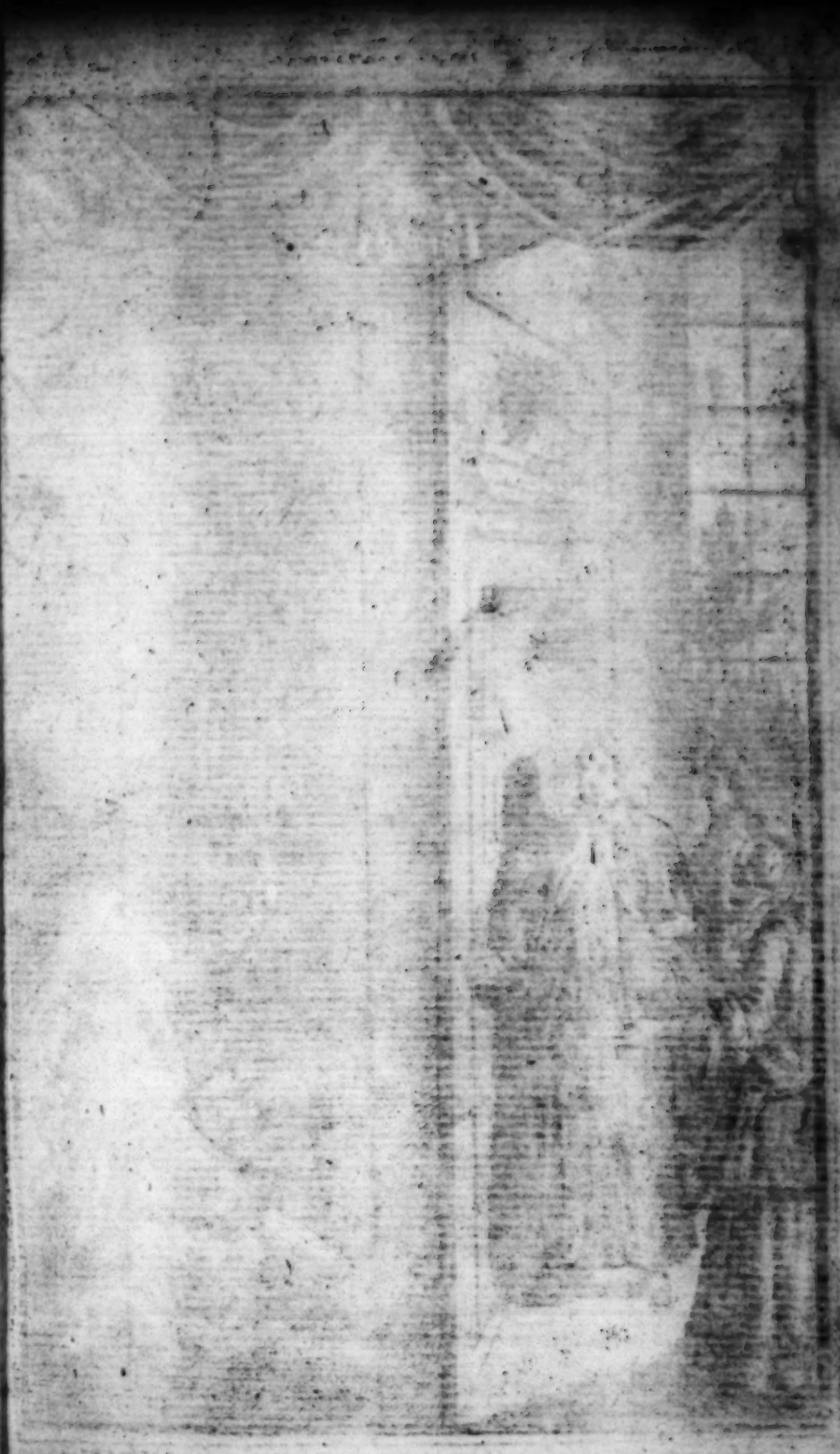
TWELFTH-NIGHT: *Or, What you will.*

The WINTER'S TALE.

King JOHN.

King RICHARD II.

HENRY IV. *Part* I.



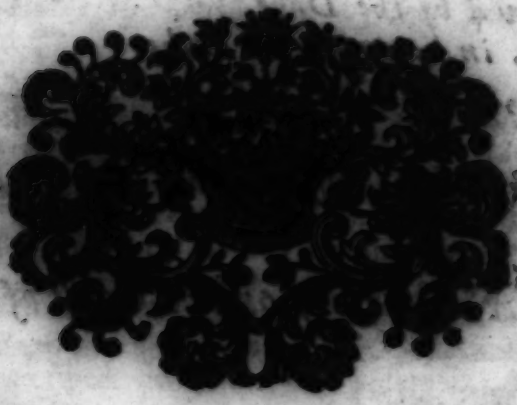
TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

What You will.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR M.DCCXIV.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORſino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-Captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-Captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

BODLEIAN
21 FEB 1946
LIBRARY

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

What You will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF Muſick be the Food of Love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that ſurfeiting
The Appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That Strain again, it had a dying Fall:
O, it came o'er my Ear, like the ſweet Sound
That breaths upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O Spirit of Love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy Capacity
Receiveth as the Sea, Nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſo e'er,
But falls into Abatement, and low Price,

Even in a Minute; ſo full of Shapes is Fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?
Duke. What, *Curio*?
Cur. The Hart.
Duke. Why ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O when mine Eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the Air of Peſtilence;
That Inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my Deſires, like fell and cruel Hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what News from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her Hand-maid do return this Anſwer:
The Element it ſelf, 'till ſeven Years hence,
Shall not behold her Face at ample View;
But like a Cloyſtreſs ſhe will vailed walk,
And water once a Day her Chambers round
With Eye-offending Brine: All this to ſeaſon
A Brother's dead Love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad Remembrance.
Duke. O ſhe that hath a Heart of that fine Frame,
To pay this Debt of Love but to a Brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden Shaft
Hath kill'd the Flock of all Affections elſe
That live in her? When Liver, Brain, and Heart,
Theſe ſoveraign Thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd
Her ſweet Perfections with one ſelf-ſame King:
Away before me, to ſweet Beds of Flowers,
Love Thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with Bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. What Country, Friends, is this?
Cap. This is *Illyria*, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria*?
My Brother he is in *Elyſium*.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, Sailors?

Cap.

Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor Brother! And ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True, Madam; and to comfort you with Chance,
Aſſure your ſelf, after our Ship did ſplit,
When you, and that poor Number ſaved with you,
Hung on your driving Boat: I ſaw your Brother,
Moſt provident in Peril, bind himſelf,
Courage and Hope both teaching him the Practice,
To a ſtrong Maſt that liv'd upon the Sea,
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphin's Back,
I ſaw him hold Acquaintance with the Waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine own Eſcape unfoldeth to my Hope,
Whereto thy Speech ſerves for Authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three Hours Travel from this very Place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in Nature, as in Name.
Vio. What is his Name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my Father name him,
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a Month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in Murmur, as you know
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of,
That he did ſeek the Love of fair *Olivia.*
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous Maid, the Daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve Months ſince, then leaving her
In the Protection of his Son, her Brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd; for whoſe dear Love,
They ſay, ſhe had abjur'd the Sight
And Company of Men.
Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the World,
'Till I had made mine own Occaſion mellow
What my Eſtate is.

Cap. That were hard to compaſs,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of Suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair Behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that Nature with a beauteous Wall
Doth oft cloſe in Pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a Mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward Character.
I prethee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my Aid,
For ſuch Diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The Form of my Intent. I'll ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy Pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of Muſick,
That will allow me very worth his Service.
What elſe may hap, to Time I will commit,
Only ſhape thou thy Silence to my Wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'll be,
When my Tongue blabs, then let mine Eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a Plague means my Neice to take the Death of her Brother thus? I am ſure Care's an Enemy to Life.

Mar. By my Troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-Nights; your Neice, my Lady, takes great Exceptions to your ill Hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt Limits of Order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my ſelf no finer than I am; theſe Clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe Boots too; and they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own Straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it Yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one Night here, to be her Wooer?

Sir To.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a Man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' Purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand Ducats a Year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a Year in all these Ducats: He's a very Fool, and a Prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so: He plays o'th' Viol-de-Gambo, and speaks three or four Languages Word for Word without Book, and hath all the good Gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a Fool, he's a great Quarreller; and but that he hath the Gift of a Coward to allay the Gust he hath in Quarrelling, 'tis thought among the Prudent, he would quickly have the Gift of a Grave.

Sir To. By this Hand they are Scoundrels and Substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your Company.

Sir To. With drinking Healths to my Neice: I'll drink to her as long as there is a Passage in my Throat, and Drink in *Illyria.* He's a Coward and a Coystril that will not drink to my Neice 'till his Brains turn o'th' Toe like a Parish Top. What Wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face.*

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* How now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Bless you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My Neice's Chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress *Accost*, I desire better Acquaintance.

Mar. My Name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress *Mary Accost.*

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: Accost is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And.

Sir And. By my Troth, I would not undertake her in this Company. Is that the Meaning of Accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. And thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw Sword again.

Sir And. And you part ſo, Miſtreſs, I would I might never draw Sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have Fools in Hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th'Hand.

Sir And. Marry but you ſhall have, and here's my Hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, Thought is free: I pray you bring your Hand to th'Buttery Bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet Heart? What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an Aſs, but I can keep my Hand dry. But what's your Jeſt?

Mar. A dry Jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my Finger Ends: Marry, now I let go your Hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a Cup of Canary: When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your Life, I think, unleſs you ſee Canary put down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more Wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary Man has; but I am a great Eater of Beef, and I believe that do's harm to my Wit.

Sir To. No Queſtion.

Sir And. And I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home, to Morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pour-quoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pour-quoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the Tongues, that I have in Fencing, Dancing, and Bear-baiting: O had I but follow'd the Arts.

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent Head of Hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my Hair?

Sir To. Paſt Queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not cool my Nature.

Sir And.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like Flax on a Diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a Houſewife take thee between her Legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to Morrow, *Sir Toby*, your Neice will not be ſeen, or if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: The Duke himſelf here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her Degree, neither in Eſtate, Years, nor Wit; I have heard her ſwear. Tut, there's Life in't Man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a Month longer. I am a Fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt Mind i'th' World: I delight in Masks and Revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe Kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any Man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the Degree of my Betters, and yet I will not compare with an old Man.

Sir To. What is thy Excellence in a Galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a Caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the Back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any Man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore have theſe Gifts a Curtain before 'em? Are they like to take Duſt, like Miſtreſs *Mall*'s Picture? Why doſt thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Coranto? My very Walk ſhould be a Jig! I would not ſo much as make Water but in a Sink-a-pace: What doſt thou mean? Is it a World to hide Virtues in? I did not think, by the Excellent Conſtitution of thy Leg, it was form'd under the Star of a Galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd Stocken. Shall we ſet about ſome Revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe; were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. Taurus? That's Sides and Heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is Legs and Thighs. Let me ſee thee Caper; Ha, higher: Ha, ha, excellent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in Man's Attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue theſe Favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three Days, and already you are no Stranger.

Vio. You either fear his Humour, or my Negligence, that you call in queſtion the Continuance of his Love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his Favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: Here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, hoa?

Vio. On your Attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Ceſario*,
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the Book even of my ſecret Soul.
Therefore, good Youth, addreſs thy Gate unto her,
Be not deny'd Acceſs, ſtand at her Doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed Foot ſhall grow
'Till thou have Audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her Sorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil Bounds,
Rather than make unprofited Return.

Vio. Say I do ſpeak with her, my Lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the Paſſion of my Love,
Surprize her with Diſcourſe of my dear Faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my Woes;
She will attend it better in thy Youth,
Than in a Nuncio's of more grave Aſpect,

Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.

Duke. Dear Lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy Years,
That ſay thou art a Man: *Diana*'s Lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall Pipe
Is as the Maiden's Organ, ſhrill and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a Woman's Part.

I know thy Conſtellation is right apt
For this Affair: Some four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in Company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his Fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet a barful Strife,
Who-e'er I woo, my ſelf would be his Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my Lips ſo wide as a Briſtle may enter, in way of thy Excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy Abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this World needs fear no Colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good Lenten Anſwer: I can tell thee where that Saying was born, of I fear no Colours.

Clo. Where, good Miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar. In the Wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your Foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them Wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are Fools let them uſe their Talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good Hanging prevents a bad Marriage; and for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two Points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your Gaskings fall.

Clo. Apt in good Faith, very apt: Well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave Drinking, thou wert as witty a Piece of *Eve*'s Fleſh, as any in *Illyria.*

Mar.

Mar. Peace, you Rogue, no more o'that: Here comes my Lady; make your Excuse wisely you were best.

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good Fooling; those Wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove Fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise Man. For what says *Quinapalus*, Better a witty Fool than a foolish Wit. God bless thee, Lady.

Oli. Take the Fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, Fellows, take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry Fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two Faults, *Madona*, that Drink and good Counsel will amend; for give the dry Fool Drink, then is the Fool not dry. Bid the dishonest Man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest, if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; Virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with Sin, and Sin that amends is but patch'd with Virtue. If that this simple Sillogism will serve, so; if it will not, what Remedy? as there is no true Cuckold but Calamity, so Beauty's a Flower: The Lady bad take away the Fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest Degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my Brain: Good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a Fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your Proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*, good my Mouse of Virtue answer.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other Idleness, I'll bide your Proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good Fool, for my Brother's Death.

Clo. I think his Soul is in Hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his Soul is in Heav'n, Fool.

Clo. The more Fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your Brother's Soul being in Heav'n: Take away the Fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this Fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the Pangs of Death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the Wiſe, doth ever make better the Fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy Infirmity, for the better increaſing your Folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he will not paſs his Word for two Pence that you are no Fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyſhip takes Delight in ſuch a barren Raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other Day with an ordinary Fool that has no more Brains than a Stone. Look you now, he's out of his Guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter Occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt I take theſe wiſe Men that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of Fools, no better than the Fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O you are ſick of Self-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd Appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free Diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts that you deem Cannon-Bullets: There is no Slander in an allow'd Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet Man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with Learning, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of Fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the Gate a young Gentleman much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino* is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my People hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but Madman: Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a Suit

Suit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home. What you will to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio. Now ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and People diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt Son ſhould be a Fool: whoſe Scull *Jove* cram with Brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a moſt weak *Pia mater.*

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine Honour half drunk. What is he at the Gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A Plague o'theſe pickle Herring: How now, Sot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby.*

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come ſo early by this Lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I defie Letchery: There's one at the Gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil and he will, I care not: Give me Faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken Man like, Fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd Man, a Fool, and a Madman: One Draught above heat makes him a Fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the Coroner, and let him ſit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third Degree of Drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the Fool ſhall look to the Madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep, he ſeems to have a Fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any Denial.

Oli.

Oli. Tell him he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told ſo; and he ſays he'll ſtand at your Door like a Sheriff's Poſt, and be the Supporter to a Bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o' Man is he?

Mal. Why, of Mankind.

Oli. What manner of Man?

Mal. Of very ill Manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what Perſonage and Years is he.

Mal. Not yet old enough for a Man, nor young enough for a Boy; as a Squaſh is before 'tis a Peaſcod, or a Codling when 'tis almoſt an Apple: 'Tis with him in ſtanding Water, between Boy and Man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think his Mother's Milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my Vail: Come, throw it o'er my Face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s Embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the Houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: Your Will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable Beauty—— I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the Houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loath to caſt away my Speech; for beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great Pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no Scorn; I am very Comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter Uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt Aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the Houſe, that I may proceed in my Speech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound Heart; and yet, by the very Fangs of Malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the Houſe?

Oli.

Oli. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my Commiſſion. I will on with my Speech in your Praiſe, and then ſhew you the Heart of my Meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the Praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great Pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my Gates, and allow'd your Approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have Reaſon, be brief; 'tis not the time of the Moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a Dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt Sail, Sir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good Swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady: Tell me your Mind, I am a Meſſenger.

Oli. Sure you have ſome hideous Matter to deliver, when the Curteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your Office.

Vio. It alone concerns your Ear. I bring no Overture of War, no Taxation of Homage; I hold the Olive in my Hand: My Words are as full of Peace as Matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The Rudeneſs that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my Entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as a Maiden-head; to your Ears, Divinity; to any others, Prophanation.

Oli. Give us the Place alone. [*Exit* Maria. We will hear this Divinity. Now, Sir, what is your Text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady.

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes the Text?

Vio. In *Orſino's* Boſom.

Oli. In his Boſom? In what Chapter of his Boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the Method, in the firſt of his Heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is Herefie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam let me ſee your Face.

Oli. Have you any Commiſſion from your Lord to negociate with my Face? You are now out of your Text; but we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the Picture. Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure Wind and Weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning Hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt She alive,
If you will lead theſe Graces to the Grave,
And leave the World no Copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers Schedules of my Beauty. It ſhall be inventoried, and every Particle and Utenſil labell'd to my Will. As, *Item*, two Lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey Eyes, with Lids to them. *Item*, One Neck, one Chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Maſter loves you: O ſuch Love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With Adorations, fertile Tears,
With Groans that thunder Love, with Sighs of Fire.

Oli. Your Lord do's know my Mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him Virtuous, know him Noble,
Of great Eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs Youth;
In Voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in Dimenſion, and the Shape of Nature,
A gracious Perſon; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his Anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Maſter's Flame,
With ſuch a Suff'ring, ſuch a deadly Life,
In your Denial I would find no Senſe:

I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a Willow Cabin at your Gate,
And call upon my Soul within the House;
Write loyal Cantos of contemned Love,
And sing them loud even in the Dead of Night:
Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,
And make the babling Gossip of the Air
Cry out, *Olivia:* O you should not rest
Between the Elements of Air and Earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your Pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no Fee'd-post, Lady; keep your Purse:
My Master, not my self, lacks Recompence.
Love make his Heart of Flint, that you shall love,
And let your Fervour like my Master's be,
Plac'd in Contempt: Farewel, fair Cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your Parentage?
Above my Fortunes, yet my State is well:
I am a Gentleman—— I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy Tongue, thy Face, thy Limbs, Actions, and Spirit,
Do give thee five-fold Blazon—— not too fast——soft, soft,
Unless the Master were the Man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the Plague?
Methinks I feel this Youth's Perfections,
With an invisible and subtile Stealth
To creep in at mine Eyes. Well, let it be——
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your Service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish Messenger,
The Duke's Man; he left this Ring behind him

Would

Would I, or not: Tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord.
Nor hold him up with Hopes; I am not for him:
If that the Youth will come this way to Morrow,
I'll give him Reason for't by thee, *Malvolio*.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine Eye too great a Flatterer for my Mind:
Fate, shew thy Force, our selves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastiar.

Ant. WILL you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your Patience, no: My Stars shine darkly over me; the Malignancy of my Fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my Evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your Love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth, Sir, my determinate Voyage is meer extravagancy: But I perceive in you so excellent a Touch of Modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in Manners the rather to express my self: You must know of me then *Antonio*, my Name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my Father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one Hour; if the Heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended: But you, Sir, alter'd that, for some Hours before you took me from the Breach of the Sea, was my Sister drown'd.

Ant.

Ant. Alas the Day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable Wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a Mind that Envy could not but call fair: She is drown'd already, Sir, with salt Water, tho' I seem to drown her Remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad Entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your Trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my Love, let me be your Servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my Bosom is full of Kindness, and I am yet so near the Manners of my Mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine Eyes will tell Tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino*'s Court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee.
I have made Enemies in *Orsino*'s Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That Danger shall seem Sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio *at several Doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my Pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate Assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his Affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: Receive it so.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her Will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: If it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your Eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid my Outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure methought her Eyes had loſt her Tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her Paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh Meſſenger.
None of my Lord's Ring? Why, he ſent her none.
I am the Man——If it be ſo as 'tis,
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a Dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a Wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant Enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In Womens waxen Hearts to ſet their Forms!
Alas, our Frailty is the Cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? My Maſter loves her dearly,
And I, poor Monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am a Man,
My State is deſperate for my Maſter's Love;
As I am Woman, now alas the Day,
What thriftleſs Sighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O Time, thou muſt untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a Knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: Not to be a-bed after Midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: But I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe Concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd Can; to be up after Midnight, and to go to Bed then, is early; ſo

that to go to Bed after Midnight, is to go to Bed betimes? Does not our Life consist of the four Elements?

Sir And. 'Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of Eating and Drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a Scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Marian* I say, a stoop of Wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now my Hearts? did you never see the Picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome Ass, now let's have a Catch.

Sir And. By my troth the Fool has an excellent Breast. I had rather than forty Shillings I had such a Leg, and so sweet a Breath to sing, as the Fool has. Infooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last Night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good i'faith: I sent thee six Pence for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s Nose is no Whip-stock. My Lady has a white Hand, and the Mirmidons are no Bottle-Ale-Houses.

Sir And. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a Song.

Sir To. Come on, there is six Pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a Testril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a Song of good Life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good Life.

Clown sings.

O *Mistress mine, where are you roming?*
O *stay and hear, your true Love's coming,*
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting,
Journeys end in Lovers meeting,
Every wise Man's Son doth know.

Sir And.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith.
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is Love, 'tis not hereafter,*
Present Mirth hath present Laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure.
In delay there lyes no Plenty,
Then come kiſs me ſweet and twenty:
Youth's a Stuff will not endure.

Sir. And. A mellifluous Voice, as I am a true Knight.
Sir To. A contagious Breath.
Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the Noſe, it is Dulcet in Contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouze the Night-Owl in a Catch, that will draw three Souls out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?
Sir And. And you love me, let's do't: I am a Dog at a Catch.
Clo. Byr Lady, Sir, and ſome Dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Moſt certain: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*
Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me Knave. Begin, Fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my Peace.
Sir And. Good i'faith: Come, begin. [*They ſing a Catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a Catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of Doors, never truſt me.
Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are Politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry Men be we.* Am not I Conſanguinious? Am not I of her Blood! *Tilly Valley, Lady! There dwelt a Man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*
Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable Fooling.
Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: He does it with a better Grace, but I do it more natural.
Sir To. O *Twelfth Day of* December. [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Maſters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no Wit, Manners, nor Honeſty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of Night? Do ye make an Alehouſe of my Lady's Houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of Voice? Is there no reſpect of Place, Perſons, nor Time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our Catches. Strike up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her Uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your Diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your Miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: If not, and it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear Heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His Eyes do ſhew his Days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die,

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much Credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O *no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: Art thou any more than a Steward? Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and Ginger ſhall be hot i'th' Mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your Chain with Crums. A Stoop of Wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's Favour at any thing more than Contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil Rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this Hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your Ears.

Sir And.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a Deed as to drink when a Man's a Hungry, to challenge him to the Field, and then to break Promiſe with him, and make a Fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a Challenge: or I'll deliver thy Indignation to him by word of Mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to Night; ſince the Youth of the Duke's was to Day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common Recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my Bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a Dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite Reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite Reaſon for't, but I have Reaſon good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a Time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſs, that Cons State without Book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: So cram'd, as he thinks, with Excellencies, that it is his ground of Faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that Vice in him will my Revenge find notable Cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of Love, wherein, by the colour of his Beard, the ſhape of his Leg, the manner of his Gate, the expreſſure of his Eye, Forehead, and Complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our Hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a Device.

Sir And. I have't in my Noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neice, and that ſhe is in Love with him.

Mar. My Purpoſe is indeed a Horſe of that Colour.

Sir And. And your Horſe now would make him an Aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my Phyſick will work him him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he ſhall find the Letter: Obſerve his Conſtruction of it: for this Night to Bed, and dream on the Event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good Night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good Wench.

Sir To. She's a Beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to Bed, Knight: Thou hadſt need ſend for more Mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for Mony, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome Sack, 'tis too late to go to Bed now: Come, Knight, come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me ſome Muſick; now good morrow, Friends:
Now good *Ceſario,* but that peice of Song,
That old and antick Song we heard laſt Night;
Methought it did relieve my Paſſion much,
More than light Airs, and recollected Terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced Times.
Come, but one Verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur.

Cur. *Feste* the Jester, my Lord, a Fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s Father took much delight in. He is about the House.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the Tune the while. [*Musick*

Come hither, Boy; if ever thou shalt Love,
In the sweet Pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all Motions else,
Save in the constant Image of the Creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this Tune?

Vio. It gives a very Eccho to the Seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My Life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine Eye
Hath staid upon some Favour that it loves:
Hath it not, Boy?

Vio. A little, by your Favour.

Duke. What kind of Woman is't?

Vio. Of your Complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What Years i'faith?

Vio. About your Years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heav'n; Let still the Woman take
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her Husband's Heart.
For, Boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our Fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than Womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy Love be younger than thy self,
Or thy Affection cannot hold the bent:
For Women are as Roses, whose fair Flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: Alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to Perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and Clown.*

Duke. O Fellow come, the Song we had last night.
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the free Maids that weave their Thread with Bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the Innocence of Love,
Like the old Age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I prethee ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in ſad Cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away Breath,
I am ſlain by a fair Cruel Maid.
My Shrowd of white, ſtuck all with Yew, O prepare it.
My part of Death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a Flower, not a Flower ſweet,
On my black Coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a Friend, not a Friend greet
My poor Corps, where my Bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand Sighs to ſave, lay me O where
Sad true Lover never find my Grave, to weep there.

Duke. There's for thy Pains.

Clo. No Pains, Sir, I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy Pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and Pleaſure will be paid one time, or other.

Duke. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Taylor make thy Doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy Mind is a very Opal. I would have Men of ſuch Conſtancy put to Sea, that their Buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good Voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign Cruelty:
Tell her my Love, more noble than the World,
Prizes not quantity of dirty Lands,
The Parts that Fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune;

But

But 'tis that Miracle, and Queen of Jems
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my Soul.
Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir.
Duke. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.
Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your Love as great a pang of Heart
As you have for *Olivia*: You cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?
Duke. There is no Woman's Sides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a Paſſion,
As Love doth give my Heart: No Woman's Heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their Love may be call'd Appetite:
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That ſuffers Surfeit, Cloyment, and Revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that Love a Woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.
Vio. Ay but I know——
Duke. What doſt thou know?
Vio. Too well what love Women to Men may owe;
In faith they are as true of Heart, as we.
My Father had a Daughter lov'd a Man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a Woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.
Duke. And what's her Hiſtory?
Vio. A blank, my Lord: She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her damask Cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow Melancholy,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this Love indeed?
We Men may ſay more, ſwear more, but indeed
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our Vows, but little in our Love
Duke. But dy'd thy Siſter of her Love, my Boy?
Vio. I am all the Daughters of my Father's Houſe,
And all the Brothers too——and yet I know not——

Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the Theam.
To her in haste; give her this Jewel: Say,
My Love can give no place, bid no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this Sport, let me be boil'd to Death with Melancholly.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally Sheep-biter, come by some notable Shame?

Fab. I would exult, Man; you know he brought me out of Favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will fool him black and blue. shall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. And we do not it's pity of our Lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little Villain: How now, my Nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the Box-tree; *Malvolio's* coming down this Walk, he has been yonder i'th' Sun practising Behaviour to his own Shadow this half hour: Observe him, for the love of Mockery; for I know this Letter will make a Contemplative Ideot of him. Close, in the Name of Jesting, lye thou there; for here comes the Trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is Fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my Complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted Respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning Rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey-Cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd Plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the Rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio.*

Sir To. Ah Rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, Piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is Example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy* married the Yeoman of the Wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel.*

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how Imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three Months married to her, ſitting in my State.

Sir To. O for a Stone-bow to hit him in the Eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet Gown; having come from a Day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and Brimſtone!

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the Humour of State; and after a demure Travel of Regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs——To ask for my Uncle *Toby* ——

Sir To. Bolts and Shackles!

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my People with an obedient Start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my Watch, or play with ſome rich Jewel. *Toby* approaches, Courtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our Silence be drawn from us with Cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my Hand to him thus; quenching my familiar Smile with an auſtere regard of Controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' Lips then?

Mal. Saying, Uncle *Toby*, my Fortunes having caſt me on your Neice, give me this Prerogative of Speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your Drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, Scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the Sinews of our Plot.

Mal.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the Treaſure of your Time, with a fooliſh Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What Employment have we here? [*Taking up a Letter.*

Fab. Now is the Woodcock near the Gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! Now the Spirit of Humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my Life this is my Lady's Hand: Theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in Contempt of queſtion, her Hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good Wiſhes; Her very Phraſes: By your leave, Wax. Soft! and the Impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, Liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I Love, but who, Lips do not move, no Man muſt know.* No Man muſt know—— What follows? The Number's alter'd——No Man muſt know—— If this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore, but Silence, like a Lucrece Knife,
With bloodleſs ſtroke my Heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my Life.*

Fab. A Fuſtian Riddle.

Sir To. Excellent Wench, ſay I,

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my Life——Nay, but firſt let me ſee——let me ſee——

Fab. What a diſh of Poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what Wing the Stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore. Why ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formal Capacity. There is no obſtruction in this——and the end——what ſhould that Alphabetical poſition portend? If I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? Softly——*M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O, ay! make up that, he is now at a cold Scent.

Fab.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M. —— *Malvolio* —— *M.* —— why that begins my Name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would work it out, the Cur is excellent at Faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the Sequel; that ſuffers under Probation: *A* ſhould follow, but O does.

Fab. And O ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any Eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your Heels, than Fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. ——This Simulation is not as the former —— And yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe Letters is in my Name. Soft, here follows Proſe —— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of Greatneſs; ſome are born Great, ſome atchieve Greatneſs, and ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy Fates open their Hands, let thy Blood and Spirit embrace them; and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble Slough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with Servants: Let thy Tongue tang Arguments of State; put thy ſelf into the Trick of Singularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs garter'd. I ſay remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: If not, let me ſee thee a Steward ſtill, the Fellow of Servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's Fingers. Farewel. She that would alter Services with thee.* The fortunate and happy Day-light and Champian diſcovers not more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politick Authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs Acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very Man. I do now fool my ſelf, to let Imagination jade me; for every Reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow Stockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my Leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe

mani-

manifests her self to my Love, and with a kind of Injunction drives me to these Habits of her liking. I thank my Stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow Stockings and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. *Jove*, and my Stars be praised. Here is yet a Postscript. *Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my Love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy Smiles become thee well. Therefore in my Presence still smile, Dear my Sweet, I prethee. Jove*, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my Part of this Sport for a Pension of Thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this Wench for this Device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other Dowry with her, but such another Jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble Gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy Foot o'my Neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my Freedom at Tray-trip, and become thy Bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou hast put him in such a Dream, that when the Image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua-vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the Fruits of the Sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: He will come to her in yellow Stockings, and 'tis a Colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a Fashion she detests: And he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her Disposition, being addicted to Melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable Contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the Gates, Tartar, thou most excellent Devil of Wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and Clown.*

Vio. SAVE thee, Friend, and thy Muſick: Doſt thou live by the Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir, I do live by the Church: For I do live at my Houſe, and my Houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: Or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: To ſee this Age! A Sentence is but a chev'ril Glove to a good Wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with Words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my Siſter had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my Siſter wanton: But indeed, Words are very Raſcals, ſince Bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy Reaſon, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without Words, and Words are grown ſo falſe, I am loath to prove Reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry Fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my Conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: If that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no Folly, ſhe will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the

the bigger: I am indeed not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the Fool ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtreſs: I think I ſaw your Wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's Expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next Commodity of Hair, ſend thee a Beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my Chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging, but a Beggar: *Creſſida* was a Beggar. My Lady is within, Sir. I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might ſay Element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit*.

Vio. This Fellow is wiſe enough to play the Fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of Wit:
He muſt obſerve their Mood on whom he Jeſts,
The Quality of the Perſons, and the Time;
And like the Haggard, check at every Feather
That comes before his Eye. This is a practice
As full of Labour as a Wiſe-man's Art:
For Folly that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe Mens Folly fall'n, quite taints their Wit.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, Gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous guard Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi, voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To.

Sir To. Will you encounter the Houſe, my Neice is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your Trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neice, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the Liſt of my Voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your Legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My Legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my Legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with Gate and Entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the Heav'ns rain Odours on you.

Sir And. That Youth's a rare Courtier! rain Odours well.

Vio. My Matter hath no Voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed Ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchſafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the Garden Door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria. Give me your Hand, Sir.

Vio. My Duty, Madam, and moſt humble Service.

Oli. What is your Name?

Vio. Ceſario is your Servant's Name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My Servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry World,
Since lowly feigning was call'd Complement:
Y'are Servant to the Duke *Orſino*, Youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your Servant's Servant is your Servant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: For his Thoughts,
Would they were Blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle Thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another Suit,
I had rather hear you to ſollicit that,
Than Muſick from the Spheres.

Vio. Dear Lady.

Oli.

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend
After the laſt Enchantment you did hear,
A Ring in Chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelf, my Servant, and I fear me, you;
Under your hard Conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine Honour at the Stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled Thoughts
That tyrannous Heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a Cypreſs, not a Boſom,
Hides my poor Heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to Love.

Vio. No not a grice: For 'tis a vulgar Proof
That very oft we pity Enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to ſmile again;
O World, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much better
To fall before the Lion, than the Wolf; [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The Clock upbraids me with the waſte of Time.
Be not afraid, good Youth, I will not have you;
And yet when Wit and Youth is come to harveſt,
Your Wife is like to reap a proper Man:
There lyes your way, due Weſt.

Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good Diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip.
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; I prethee tell me what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might, for now I am your Fool.

Oli. O what a deal of Scorn looks beautiful,
In the Contempt and Anger of his Lip!
A murderous Guilt ſhews not it ſelf more ſoon,
Than Love that would ſeem hid: Love's Night is Noon.

Ceſario,

Cæſario, by the Roſes of the Spring,
By Maid-hood, Honour, Truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy Pride,
Nor Wit, nor Reaſon, can my Paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy Reaſons from this Clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no Cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought, is good; but given unſought, is better.

Vio. By Innocence I ſwear, and by my Youth,
I have one Heart, one Boſom, and one Truth,
And that no Woman has, nor never none
Shall Miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam, never more
Will I my Maſter's Tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'ſt move
That Heart, which now abhors to like his Love, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy Reaſon, dear Venom, give thy Reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your Reaſon, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your Neice do more Favours to the Duke's Serving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't i'th' Orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old Boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great Argument of Love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an Aſs o'me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the Oaths of Judgment and Reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury-men, ſince before *Noah* was a Sailor.

Fab. She did ſhew Favour to the Youth in your Sight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe Valour, to put Fire in your Heart, and Brimſtone in your Liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent Jeſts, fire-new

fire-new from the Mint, you ſhould have bang'd the Youth into Dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your Hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this Opportunity you let Time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the North of my Lady's Opinion, where you will hang like an Iſickle on a *Dutchman*'s Beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome Attempt, either of Valour or Policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for Policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy Fortunes upon the Baſis of Valour. Challenge me the Duke's Youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven Places, my Neice ſhall take Note of it, and aſſure thy ſelf, there is no Love-broker in the World can more prevail in Man's Commendation with Women, than Report of Valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a Challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial Hand, be curſt and brief: It is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of Invention; taunt him with the Licenſe of Ink; if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many Lies as will lye in thy Sheet of Paper, although the Sheet were big enough for the Bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, and go about it. Let there be Gall enough in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with a Gooſe-Pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear Manakin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, Lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the Youth to an Anſwer. I think Oxen and Wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much Blood in his Liver as will clog the Foot of a Flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' Anatomy. *Fab.*

Fab. And his Oppoſite the Youth bears in his Viſage no great Preſage of Cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the Spleen, and will laugh your ſelves into Stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible Paſſages of Groſſneſs. He's in yellow Stockings.

Sir To. And Croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a Pedant that keeps a School i'th' Church: I have dogg'd him like his Murtherer. He does obey every Point of the Letter that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his Face into more Lines than is in the new Map, with the Augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great Favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my Will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your Pleaſure of your Pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my Deſire,
More ſharp than filed Steel, did ſpur me forth,
And not all Love to ſee you, tho' ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer Voyage.
But Jealouſie, what might befall your Travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe Parts; which to a Stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing Love,
The rather by theſe Arguments of Fear
Set forth in your Purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other Anſwer make, but Thanks:
But were my Worth, as is my Conſcience firm,

You

You ſhould find better Dealing: What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the Relicks of this Town?

Ant. To Morrow, Sir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to Night,
I pray you let us ſatisfie our Eyes
With the Memorials, and the Things of Fame
That do renown this City.

Ant. Would you'ld pardon me:
I do not without Danger walk theſe Streets.
Once in a Sea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his Gallies,
I did ſome Service, of ſuch Note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his People.

Ant. Th'Offence is not of ſuch a bloody Nature,
Albeit the Quality of the Time and Quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody Argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Traffick's ſake
Moſt of our City did. Only my ſelf ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this Place
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: Hold, Sir, here's my Purſe.
In the South Suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our Diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your Knowledge
With viewing of the Town, there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your Purſe?

Ant. Haply your Eye ſhall light upon ſome Toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your Store
I think, is not for idle Markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your Purſe-bearer, and leave you
For an Hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Olivia's *Houſe*.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have ſent after him; he ſays he'll come.
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?

For

For Youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud; where's *Malvolio*, he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a Servant with my Fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's coming, Madam:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come, for ſure the Man is tainted in's Wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If ſad and merry Madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad Occaſion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad;
This does make ſome Obſtruction in the Blood;
This croſs-gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the Eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and Pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how do'ſt thou Man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my Mind, tho' yellow in my Legs: It did come to his Hands, and Commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know that ſweet Roman Hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to Bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To Bed? ay, Sweet Heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee; why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy Hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your Requeſt?
Yes, Nightingales anſwer Daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous Boldneſs before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal.

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them——

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow Stockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd——

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a Servant ſtill.

Oli. Why this is very Midſummer Madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's Pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this Fellow be look'd to. Where's my Uncle *Toby*? let ſome of my People have a ſpecial care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the Half of my Dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho, do you come near me now? No worſe Man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! This concurs directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble Slough, ſays ſhe; be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with Servants, let thy Tongue tang with Arguments of State, put thy ſelf into the Trick of Singularity, and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad Face, a reverend Carriage, a ſlow Tongue, in the Habit of ſome Sir of Note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow! Not *Malvolio*, nor after my Degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no Dram of a Scruple, no Scruple of a Scruple; no Obſtacle; no incredulous or unſafe Circumſtance—— What can be ſaid? Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full Proſpect of my Hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the Doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the Name of Sanctity? If all the Devils in Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? How is't with you, Man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you; let me enjoy my Privacy: Go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the Fiend ſpeaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a Care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we muſt deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What Man, defie the Devil; conſider he's an Enemy to Mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you! and you ſpeak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at Heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his Water to th' wiſe Woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to Morrow Morning if I live. My Lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, Miſtreſs?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Prethee hold thy Peace, that is not the way: Do you not ſee you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but Gentleneſs, gently, gently; the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now my Bawcock? How doſt thou, Chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay Biddy, come with me. What Man, 'tis not for Gravity to play at Cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him foul Collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his Prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My Prayers, Minx!

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of Godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang your ſelves all: you are idle ſhallow

Things, I am not of your Element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a Stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable Fiction.

Sir To. His very Genius hath taken the Infection of the Device, Man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the Device take Air, and taint.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The House will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark Room and bound. My Neece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our Pleasure and his Penance, till our very Pastime tired out of Breath, prompt us to have Mercy on him; at which time we will bring the Device to the Bar, and crown thee for a Finder of Madmen; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew,

Fab. More Matter for a *May* Morning.

Sir And. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's Vinegar and Pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: Do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy Fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy Mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no Reason for't.

Fab. A good Note, that keeps you from the Blow of the Law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, *and in my Sight she uses thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy Throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good Sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy Chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a Rogue and a Villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy Side of the Law: Good.

Sir

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our Souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy Friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn Enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit Occasion for't: He is now in some Commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, scout me for him at the Corner of the Orchard like a Bum-Baily; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass off, that a terrible Oath, with a swaggering Accent sharply twang'd off, gives Manhood more Approbation than ever Proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his Letter; for the Behaviour of the young Gentleman gives him out to be of good Capacity and Breeding; his Imployment between his Lord and my Neice, confirms no less; therefore this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no Terror in the Youth; he will find that it comes from a Clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his Challenge by Word of Mouth; set upon *Ague-cheek* a notable Report of Valour, and drive the Gentleman, as I know his Youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous Opinion of his Rage, Skill, Fury, and Impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the Look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your Neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid Message for a Challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a Heart of Stone,
And laid mine Honour too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my Fault;
But such a head-strong potent Fault it is,
That it but mocks Reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your Passion bears,
Goes on my Master's Grief.

Oli. Here, wear this Jewel for me, 'tis my Picture;

Refuse it not, it hath no Tongue to vex you:
And I beseech you come again to Morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That Honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true Love for my Master.

Oli. How with mine Honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to Morrow: Fare thee well.
A Fiend like thee might bear my Soul to Hell. [Exit.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That Defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what Nature the Wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy Intercepter full of Despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard End; dismount thy Tuck, be yare in thy Preparation, for thy Assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no Man hath any Quarrel to me; my Remembrance is very free and clear from any Image of Offence done to any Man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your Life at any Price, betake you to your Guard, for your Opposite hath in him, what Youth, Strength, Skill, and Wrath can furnish a Man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on Carpet Consideration, but he is a Devil in private Brawl; Souls and Bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his Incensement at this Moment is so implacable, that Satisfaction can be none but by Pangs of Death and Sepulcher: Hob, nod, is his Word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the House, and desire some Conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of Men, that put Quarrels purposely on others to taste their Valour: Belike this is a Man of that Quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: His Indignation drives it self out of a very competent Injury, therefore get you on, and give him his Desire. Back you shall not to the House, unless you undertake

take that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your Sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear Iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous Office, as to know of the Knight what my Offence to him is: It is something of my Negligence, nothing of my Purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman 'till my Return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal Arbitrement, but nothing of the Circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of Man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful Promise to read him by his Form, as you are like to find him in the Proof of his Valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal Opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: Will you walk towards him? I will make your Peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my Mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why Man, he's a very Devil; I have not seen such a Virago: I had a Pass with him, Rapier, Scabbard and all; and he gives me the Stuck in with such a mortal Motion, that it is inevitable; and on the Answer, he pays you as surely as your Feet hit the Ground they step on. They say, he has been Fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. *Fabian* can scarce hold him.

Sir And. Plague on't, and I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my Horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the Motion; stand here, make a good Shew on't, this shall end without the Perdition of Souls; marry I'll ride your Horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his Horse to take up the Quarrel, I have perfuaded him the Youth's a Devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a Bear were at his Heels.

Sir To. There's no Remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's Oath sake: Marry he hath better bethought him of his Quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the Supportance of his Vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a Man.

Fab. Give Ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no Remedy; the Gentleman will for his Honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the Duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his Oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my Will.

Ant. Put up your Sword; if this young Gentleman Have done offence, I take the Fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his Love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an Undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the Officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your Sword up if you please. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my Word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the Man, do thy Office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the Suit of Duke *Orsino*.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no Jot; I know your Favour well;

Tho'

Tho' now you have no Sea-cap on your Head.
Take him away, he knows I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you;
But there's no Remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my Necessity
Makes me to ask you for my Purse. It grieves me
Much more; for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls my self: You stand amaz'd,
But be of Comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.
Ant. I must intreat of you some of that Mony.
Vio. What Mony, Sir?
For the fair Kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present Trouble,
Out of my lean and low Ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much,
I'll make Division of my Present with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my Deserts to you
Can lack Persuasion? Do not tempt my Misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a Man,
As to upbraid you with those Kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by Voice, or any Feature.
I hate Ingratitude more in a Man,
Than Lying, Vainness, Babling Drunkenness,
Or any Taint of Vice, whose strong Corruption
Inhabits our frail Blood.
Ant. Oh Heav'ns themselves!
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This Youth that you see here,
I snatcht one Half out of the Jaws of Death,
Reliev'd him with such Sanctity of Love,
And to his Image, which methought did promise
Most venerable Worth, did I Devotion.
1 *Off.* What's that to us? the Time goes by; away.
Ant. But oh, how vild an Idol proves this God!
Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good Feature shame,

In Nature there's no Blemish but the Mind:
None can be call'd Deform'd but the Unkind.
Virtue is Beauty, but the beauteous Evil
Are empty Trunks, o'erflourish'd by the Devil.

1 *Off.* The Man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit.*

Vio. Methinks his Words do from such Passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I:
Prove true Imagination, oh prove true,
That I, dear Brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whisper o'er a Couplet or two of most sage Saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my Brother know
Yet living in my Glass, even such, and so
In Favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this Fashion, Colour, Ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt Waves fresh in Love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry Boy, and more a Coward than a Hare; his Dishonesty appears in leaving his Friend here in Necessity, and denying him; and for his Cowardship ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a most devout Coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy Sword.

Sir And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the Event.

Sir To. I dare lay any Mony 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Sebastian *and Clown.*

Clo. WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish Fellow, Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out i'faith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your Name is not Master *Cesario*, nor this is not my Nose neither; nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prethee vent thy Folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my Folly! He has heard that Word of some great Man, and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my Folly! I am afraid this great Lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy Strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prethee foolish *Greek* depart from me, there's Mony for thee. If you tarry longer I shall give worse Payment.

Clo. By my Troth thou hast an open Hand; these wise Men that give Fools Mony, get themselves a good Report after fourteen Years Purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking* Sebastian.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the People mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your Dagger o'er the House.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your Coats for two Pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding* Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an Action of Battery against him, if there be any Law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first—— Yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy Hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come my young Soldier, put up your Iron; you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy Sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay then I muſt have an Ounce or two of this malapert Blood from you. [*They draw and fight.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy Life I charge thee hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious Wretch,
Fit for the Mountains and the barbarous Caves,
Where Manners ne'er were preach'd: Out of my Sight.
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*.
Rudeſby be gone. I prethee, gentle Friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair Wiſdom, not thy Paſſion ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt Extent
Againſt thy Peace. Go with me to my Houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs Pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his Soul for me,
He ſtarted one poor Heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What Reliſh is in this? How runs the Stream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a Dream.
Let Fancy ſtill my Senſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. [*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE II. Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this Gown and this Beard, make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilst.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the Function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student; but to be said an honest Man, and a good Housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful Man and a great Scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old Hermit of *Prague*, that never saw Pen and Ink, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorbodack*, that that is, is; so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this Prison.

Sir To. The Knave counterfeits well; a good Knave.

[Malvolio *within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas* go to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical Fiend, how vexest thou this Man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was Man thus wrong'd, good Sir *Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous Darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest Terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with Courtesie: Say'st thou that House is dark?

Mal. As Hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windows transparent as Barricadoes, and the clear Stones towards the South North are as lustrous as Ebony; and yet complainest thou of Obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I say to you this House is dark.

Clo. Mad-man, thou errest; I say there is no Darkness but Ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their Fogg.

Mal. I say this House is as dark as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as dark as Hell, and I say there was never Man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant Question.

Clo. What is the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning Wild-fowl?

Mal. That the Soul of our Grandam might happily inhabit a Bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his Opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the Soul, and no way approve his Opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in Darkness; thou shalt hold th'Opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy Wits, and fear to kill a Woodcock, lest thou dispossess the House of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all Waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy Beard and Gown, he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own Voice, and bring me Word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this Knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my Neice, that I cannot pursue with any Safety this Sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my Chamber. [*Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my Lady does.* [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal,

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another —— Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my Hand, help me to a Candle, and Pen, Ink, and Paper; as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio*!

Mal. Ay, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five Wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never Man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my Wits, Fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your Wits than a Fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send Ministers to me, Asses, and do all they can to face me out of my Wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: The Minister is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy Wits the Heav'ns restore: Endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintain no Words with him, good Fellow. Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God buy you, good Sir *Topas*. Marry Amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, Fool, Fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good Fool, help me to some Light, and some Paper; I tell thee I am as well in my Wits, as any Man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this Hand I am: Good Fool, some Ink, Paper and Light; and convey what I will set down to my Lady: It shall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a Mad-man 'till I see his Brains. I will fetch you Light, and Paper, and Ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I prethee be gone.

Clo.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [Singing.
I'll be with you again,
In a trice, like to the old Vice,
Your Need to sustain.
Who with Dagger of Lath, in his Rage, and his Wrath,
Cries ah ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad Lad, pair thy Nails, Dad,
Adieu, good Man Drivel. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the Air, that is the glorious Sun,
This Pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,
Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,
That he did range the Town to seek me out.
His Counsel now might do me golden Service;
For tho' my Soul disputes well with my Sense,
That this may be some Error, but no Madness,
Yet doth this Accident and Flood of Fortune,
So far exceed all Instance, all Discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine Eyes,
And wrangle with my Reason that persuades me
To any other Trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her House, command her Followers,
Take, and give back Affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable Bearing
As I perceive she does: There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy Man
Into the Chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated Roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your Faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful Soul

May

May live at Peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our Celebration keep
According to my Birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good Man, and go with you,
And having sworn Truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good Father, and Heav'ns so shine,
That they may fairly note this Act of mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this Letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another Request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence desire my Dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, Friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her Trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good Fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my Foes, and the worse for my Friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy Friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an Ass of me; now my Foes tell me plainly, I am an Ass: So that by my Foes, Sir, I profit in the Knowledge of my self, and by my Friends I am abused: So that Conclusions to be as Kisses, if your four Negatives make your two Affirmatives, why then the worse for my Friends, and the better for my Foes.

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clo.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my Friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's Gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill Counſel.

Clo. Put your Grace in your Pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your Fleſh and Blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a Sinner to be a double-dealer: There's another.

Clo. Primo, Secundo, Tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: The triplex, Sir, is a good tripping Meaſure, or the Bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more Mony out of me at this throw; If you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my Bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your Bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the Sin of Covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your Bounty take a Nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Antonio *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the Man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That Face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoak of War:
A bawbling Veſſel was he Captain of,
For ſhallow Draught and Bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful Grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble Bottom of our Fleet,
That very Envy, and the Tongue of Loſs
Cry'd Fame and Honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phœnix* and her Fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young Nephew *Titus* loſt his Leg:
Here in the Streets, deſperate of Shame and State,

In private Brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange Speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but Diſtraction.

Duke. Notable Pirate, thou ſalt Water Thief,
What fooliſh Boldneſs brought thee to their Mercies,
Whom thou in Terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear
Haſt made thine Enemies?

Ant. Orſino: Noble Sir,
Be pleas'd, that I ſhake off theſe Names you give me:
Antonio never yet was Thief, or Pirate;
Though I confeſs, on Baſe and Ground enough,
Orſino's Enemy. A Witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful Boy, there by your Side,
From the rude Sea's enrag'd and foamy Mouth
Did I redeem; a Wrack paſt Hope he was:
His Life I gave him, and did thereto add
My Love without Retention, or Reſtraint;
All this in Dedication. For his Sake,
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure for his Love)
Into the Danger of this adverſe Town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe Cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in Danger)
Taught him to face me out of his Acquaintance,
And grew a twenty Years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own Purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe,
Not half an Hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this Town?

Ant. To Day, my Lord; and for three Months before,
No *Interim*, not a minute's Vacancy,
Both Day and Night did we keep Company.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Counteſs; now Heav'n walks on Earth;
But for thee, Fellow; Fellow, thy Words are Madneſs:
Three Months this Youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſervicable?
Ceſario, you do not keep Promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam.
Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,
Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario*? Good my Lord——
Vio. My Lord would ſpeak, my Duty huſhes me.
Oli. If it be ought to the old Tune, my Lord,
It is as fat and ſulſome to mine Ear,
As howling after Muſick.
Duke. Still ſo cruel?
Oli. Still ſo conſtant, Lord.
Duke. What to Perverſeneſs? you uncivil Lady,
To whoſe ingrate, and unauſpicious Altars,
My Soul the faithfull'ſt Offerings have breath'd out
That ere Devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Oli. Even what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the Heart to do it,
Like to the *Egyptian* Thief, at point of Death
Kill what I love? a ſavage Jealouſie,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly: but hear me this:
Since you to Non-Regardance caſt my Faith,
And that partly I know the Inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true Place in your Favour:
Live you the Marble-breaſted Tyrant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heav'n I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel Eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his Maſter's Spight.
Come Boy with me, my Thoughts are ripe in Miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the Lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a Raven's Heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocond, apt, and willingly,
To do you Reſt a thouſand Deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe Eyes, more than my Life,
More by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love Wife.
If I do feign, you Witneſſes above
Puniſh my Life, for tainting of my Love!

Oli.

Oli. Ay me, deceived! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Duke. Come, away.
Oli. Whither, my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, Husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her Husband, Sirrah?
Vio. No, my Lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the Baseness of thy Fear,
That makes thee strangle thy Propriety:
Fear not *Cesario*, take thy Fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, Father.
Father, I charge thee by thy Reverence
Here to unfold, tho' lately we intended
To keep in Darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe; what thou dost know
Hath newly past between this Youth and me.
Priest. A Contract of eternal Bond of Love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your Hands,
Attested by the holy close of Lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this Compact
Seal'd in my Function, by my Testimony:
Since when, my Watch hath told me, toward my Grave
I have travell'd but two Hours
Duke. O thou dissembling Cub; what wilt thou be
When Time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy Case?
Or will not else thy Craft so quickly grow,
That thine own Trip shall be thine Overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy Feet,
Where thou and I, henceforth, may never meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do protest------
Oli. O do not swear;
How little Faith, tho' thou hast too much Fear!

Enter Sir Andrew with his Head broke.

Sir And. For the Love of God a Surgeon, and send one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my Head a-cross, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcomb too: For the Love of God your help. I had rather than forty Pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The Count's Gentleman, one *Cesario*; we took him for a Coward, but he's the very Devil incarnate.

Duke. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: You broke my Head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your Sword upon me without Cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody Coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody Coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, Gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, ha's hurt me, and there's an end on't; Sot, didst see *Dick* Surgeon, Sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour agone; his Eyes were set at eight i'th' Morning.

Sir To. Then he's a Rogue after a passy measures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be dress't together.

Sir To. Will you help an Ass-head, and a Coxcomb, and a Knave, a thin fac'd Knave, a Gull? [*Exe. Clo.* To. & And.

Oli. Get him to Bed, and let his Hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your Uncle:
But had it been the Brother of my Blood,

I muſt have done no leſs with Wit and Safety.
You throw a ſtrage Regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the Vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One Face, one Voice, one Habit, and two Perſons!
A natural Perſpective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the Hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'd thou that, *Antonio?*

Ant. How have you made Diviſion of your ſelf?
An Apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two Creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*

Oli. Moſt Wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a Brother:
Nor can there be a Deity in my Nature
Of here and every where. I had a Siſter,
Whom the blind Waves and Surges have devour'd:
Of Charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What Countryman? what Name? what Parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my Brother too:
So went he ſuited to his watery Tomb.
If Spirits can aſſume both Form and Suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A Spirit I am indeed,
But am in that Dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the Womb I did participate.
Were you a Woman, as the reſt go even,
I ſhould my Tears let fall upon your Cheek,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola.*

Vio. My Father had a Mole upon his Brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her Birth
Had numbred thirteen Years.

Seb. O that Record is lively in my Soul,
He finiſhed indeed his mortal Act
That day that made my Siſter thirteen Years.

Vio.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my Masculine usurp'd Attire,
Do not Embrace me, 'till each Circumstance
Of Place, Time, Fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a Captain in this Town
Where lye my Maiden Weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Duke.
All the Occurrence of my Fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook: [*To Oli.*
But Nature to her Bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein, by my Life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and Man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd, right Noble is his Blood:
If this be so, as yet the Glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy Wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand Times, [*To Viola.*
Thou never should'st love Woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in Soul,
As doth that orbed Continent the Fire
That severs Day from Night.

Duke. Give me thy Hand,
And let me see thee in thy Woman's Weeds.

Vio. The Captain that did bring me first on Shore,
Hath my Maids Garments; He upon some Action
Is now in Durance, at *Malvolio's* Suit,
A Gentleman and Follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter and Fabian.

A most exacting Frenzy of mine own
From my Remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, Sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the Staves end as well as a Man in his Case may do: H'as here writ a Letter to you, I should have given't you to day Morning.

But

But as a mad Man's Epistles are no Gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the Fool delivers the Mad-man—— *By the Lord, Madam.* [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read Madness: And your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox.*

Oli. Prithee read it i'thy right Wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madam*; but to read his right Wits, is to read thus; Therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the World shall know it: Though you have put me into Darkness, and given your drunken Uncle Rule over me, yet have I benefit of my Senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my self much Right, or you much Shame: Think of me as you please: I leave my Duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my Injury.*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of Distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a Sister, as a Wife,
One Day shall crown th' Alliance on't, so please you;
Here at my House, and at my proper Cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your Offer.
Your Master quits you; and for your Service done him,
So much against the Metal of your Sex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your soft and tender Breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Here is my Hand, you shall from this time be
Your Master's Mistress.

Oli. A Sister, you are she.

Enter

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad Man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious Wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? No.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruse that Letter,
You must not now deny it is your Hand.
Write from it if you can, in Hand or Phraſe,
Or ſay 'tis not your Seal, nor your Invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of Honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of Favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow Stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter People?
And acting this in an obedient Hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark Houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious Geck or Gull
That e'er Invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my Writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the Character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s Hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch Forms, which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter: Prithee be content,
This Practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the Grounds and Authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plantiff and the Judge
Of thine own Cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak,
And let no Quarrel, nor no Brawl to come,
Taint the Condition of this preſent Hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs my ſelf and *Toby*
Set this Device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous Parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ

The

The Letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath Married her.
How with a ſportful Malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on Laughter than Revenge,
If that the Injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor Fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why ſome are born Great, ſome atchieve Greatneſs, and ſome have Greatneſs thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this Interlude, one Sir *Topas*, Sir, but that's all one: By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren Raſcal? And you ſmile not he's gagg'd: And thus the Whirl-gigg of Time brings in his Revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a Peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet;
When that is known, and golden Time convents,
A ſolemn Combination ſhall be made
Of our dear Souls. Mean time, ſweet Siſter,
We will not part from hence. *Caſario* come,
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a Man;)
But when in other Habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's Miſtreſs, and his Fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown ſings.

When that I was and a little tiny Boy,
With hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a Toy,
For the Rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to Man's Eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt Knaves and Thieves Men ſhut their Gate,
For the Rain, &c.

But when I came at laſt to Wive,
With hey, ho, &c.

By ſnaggving could I never thrive,
For the Rain, &c.

But when I came unto my Beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With Toſs-Pots ſtill had drunken Heads,
For the Rain, &c.

A great while ago the World begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every Day.

[Exit.

THE WINTER's TALE.

A

COMEDY.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillus, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomines,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady attending on* Hermione.
Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and Attendants.

SCENE *partly in* Sicilia, *and partly in* Bohemia.

THE

THE WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my Services are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame us: We will be juſtified in our Loves; for indeed——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch Magnificence—— in ſo rare——I know not what to ſay——We will give you ſleepy Drinks, that your Senſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my Understanding instructs me, and as mine Honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*: they were train'd together in their Childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an Affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royal Necessities, made separation of their Society; their Encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heav'ns continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus:* it is a Gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant Child, one that, indeed, Physicks the Subject, makes old Hearts fresh: They that went on Crutches ere he was born, desire yet their Life to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would desire to live on Crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes, *and* Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry Star hath been
The Shepherd's Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen, Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my Brother, with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in Debt: And therefore, like a Cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more,
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,

And

And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to Morrow:
I am queſtion'd by my Fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly: Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, Brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n Night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to Morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no Tongue that moves, none, none i'th' World
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now
Were there Neceſſity in your Requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My Affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your Love, a Whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a Charge and Trouble: To ſave both,
Farewel, our Brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn Oaths from him, not to ſtay: You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in *Bohemia*'s well: This Satisfaction
The by-gone Day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt Ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Son, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with Diſtaffs.
Yet of your Royal Preſence, I'll adventure [*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a Week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, I'll give him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Month, behind the Geſt
Preſix'd for's parting: Yet, good heed, *Leontes*,

I love thee not a jar o'th' Clock behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will.
Pol. I may not verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber Vows; but I,
Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verily
You shall not go; a Lady's verily is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest? So you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easie to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my Lord's Tricks and yours, when you were Boys;
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a Day to Morrow, as to Day,
And to be Boy eternal.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: What we chang'd,
Was Innocence for Innocence; we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that Life,
And our weak Spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger Blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, Not Guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather

You

You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledg'd Days, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the Eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no Conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are Devils. Yet go on,
Th'Offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue Fault; and that you slipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my Lord.

Leo. At my Request he would not:
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better Purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? When was't before?
I prethee tell me; Cram's with Praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good Deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our Praises are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kiss a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goal:
My last good Deed was to intreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I spake to th'purpose? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Months had sowr'd themselves to Death;
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand,
And clepe thy self, my Love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo you now; I have spoke to th'purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;

Th' other, for ſome while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot—— [*Aſide.*

To mingle Friendſhip far, is mingling Bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me——my Heart dances,
But not for Joy——not Joy——This Entertainment
May a free Face put on; derives a Liberty
From Heartineſs, from Bounty, fertile Boſom,
And well becomes the Agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be padling Palms, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſs——and then to Sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deer; oh, that is Entertainment
My Boſom likes not, nor my Brows——*Mamillus*,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I fecks!
Why that's my Bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We muſt be neat; not Neat, but cleanly, Captain,
And yet the Steer, the Heifer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his Palm——How now, you wanton Calf!
Art thou my Calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord. [have,

Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough Paſh, and the Shoots that I
To be full, like me. Yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Eggs; Women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd Blacks, as Winds, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No Bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come, Sir Page,
Look on me with your welking Eye, ſweet Villain.
Moſt deareſt, my Collop——Can thy Dam? may't be——
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' Center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreams——how can this be?
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And follow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,

Thou

Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion, and I find it,
And that to the Infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Brows.
Pol. What means *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is it with you, my beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diſtraction.
Are you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray its Folly!
Its Tenderneſs! and make it ſelf a Paſtime
To harder Boſoms! Looking on the Lines
Of my Boy's Face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three Years, and ſaw my ſelf unbreech'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its Maſter, and ſo prove,
As Ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this Kernel,
This Squaſh, this Gentleman. Mine honeſt Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Mony?
Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why happy Man be's dole. My Brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my Exerciſe, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my ſworn Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paraſite, my Soldier, States-man, all;
He make's a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*,
And with his varying Childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts, that ſhould thick my Blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our Brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy ſelf, and my young Rover, he's
Apparent to my Heart.

Her.

Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' Garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not how I give Line,
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the Nib! the Bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a Wife [*Exeunt* Poliz. Her. *and Attendants. Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing Husband. Gone already!
Inch thick, Knee deep; o'er Head and Ears a fork'd one.
Go play, Boy, play——Thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a Part, whoſe Iſſue
Will hiſs me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamour
Will be my Knel. Go play, Boy, play——There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, Cuckolds ere now;
And many a Man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his Wife by th' Arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence,
And his Pond fiſh'd by his next Neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbour: Nay there's comfort in't,
Whiles other Men have Gates, and thoſe Gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their Will. Should all Deſpair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With Bag and Baggage: Many a thouſand of's
Have the Diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now, Boy?
Mam. I am like you, they ſay.
Leo. Why that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. Go play, *Mamillus*——thou'rt an honeſt Man
[*Exit* Mamillus.
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold;
When

When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your Petitions, made
His Buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's Entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; Good ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common Blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? By ſome Severals
Of Head-piece extraordinary? Lower Meſſes
Perchance are to this Buſineſs purblind? Say.

Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th' Entreaties of your Miſtreſs? Satisfie?——
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the neareſt things to my Heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein, Prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſom: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord.

Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes Honeſty behind, reſtraining
From Courſe requir'd; or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Servant grafted in my ſerious Truſt,

And

And therein negligent; or elſe a Fool,
That ſeeſt a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for Jeſt.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful;
In every one of theſe, no Man is free,
But that his Negligence, his Folly, Fear,
Amongſt the infinite Doing of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your Affairs, my Lord.
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my Folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the Fool, it was my Negligence,
Not weighing well the End; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the Iſſue doubted,
Whereof the Execution did cry out
Againſt the Non-performance, 'twas a Fear
Which oft infects the Wiſeſt: Theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd Infirmities, that Honeſty
Is never free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Treſpaſs
By its own Viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo?*
(But that's paſt Doubt; you have, or your Eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a Cuckold's Horn) or heard?
(For to a Viſion ſo apparent, Rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought (for Cogitation
Reſides not in that Man, that do's not think)
My Wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt, confeſs,
Or elſe be impudently Negative,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Hobby-Horſe, deſerves a Name
As rank as any Flax-wench, that puts to
Before her Troth-plight: Say't and juſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a Stander-by, to hear
My Sovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent Vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my Heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this, which to reiterate, were Sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo.

Leo. Is Whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? Is meeting Noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide Lip? Stopping the Career
Of Laughter, with a Sigh? A Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſty: horſing Foot on Foot?
Skulking in Corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Hours Minutes? The Noon Midnight? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering Sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor nothing have theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſs Lowt, a mindleſs Slave,
Or elſe a hovering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine Eyes at once ſee Good and Evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my Wife's Liver
Infected, as her Life, ſhe would not live
The running of one Glaſs

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medal, hanging
About his Neck, *Bohemia*; who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bear Eyes
To ſee alike mine Honour, as their Profits,
Their own particular Thrifts, they would do that,
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner Form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as Heav'n ſees Earth, and Earth ſees Heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a laſting Wink,
Which Draught to me were Cordial.

Cam.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like a Poison: But I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Mistress,
So soveraignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy Question, and go rot:
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint my self in this Vexation?
Sully the Purity and Whiteness of my Sheets,
Which to preserve, is Sleep; which being spotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Wasps:
Give Scandal to the Blood o'th' Prince, my Son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could Man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your Son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own Course have set down:
I'll give no Blemish to her Honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a Countenance as clear
As Friendship wears at Feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my Heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable Lady: But for me!
What Case stand I in? I must be the Poisoner

Of

Of good *Polixenes*, and my Ground to do't,
Is the Obedience to a Master, one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To this Deed
Promotion follows. If I could find Example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſs, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court; To do't, or no, is certain
To me a Break-neck. Happy Star, reign now.
Here comes *Bohemia*.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! Methinks
My Favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?
Good Day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, moſt Royal Sir.

Pol. What is the News i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a Countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: Even now I met him
With cuſtomary Compliment, when he
Wafting his Eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lip of much Contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelf, what you do know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd Complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A Party in this Alteration, finding
My ſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a Sickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſilisk.
I have look'd on Thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my Regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like expedienc'd, which no leſs Adorns
Our Gentry, than our Parents noble Names,
In whoſe Succeſs we are gentle: I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my Knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant Concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.
Pol. A Sickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the Parts of Man,
Which Honour do's acknowledge, whereof the leaſt
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What Incidency thou doſt gueſs of Harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
Which way to prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my Counſel,
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both your ſelf and me,
Cry loſt, and ſo good Night.
Pol. On, good *Camillo*.
Cam. I am appointed to murder you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay with all Confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an Inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then, my beſt Blood turn
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the beſt:
Turn then my freſheſt Reputation to

A Savour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt Noſtril
Where I arrive; and my Approach be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too, worſe than the great'ſt Infection
That e'er was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his Thought over
By each particular Star in Heav'n, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As or by Oath remove, or Counſel ſhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whoſe Foundation
Is pil'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his Body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my Honeſty,
That lyes incloſed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to Night;
Your Followers I will whiſper to the Buſineſs,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral Poſterns,
Clear them o'th' City. For my ſelf, I'll put
My Fortunes to your Service, which are here
By this Diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the Honour of my Parents, I
Have utter'd Truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemned by the King's own Mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his Heart in's Face. Give me thy Hand;
Be Pilot to me, and thy Places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My People did expect my hence departure
Two Days ago. This Jealouſie
Is for a precious Creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his Perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he do's conceive,
He is diſhonour'd by a Man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why his Revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:

Good

Good Expedition be my Friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theam; but nothing
Of his ill-tane Suſpicion. Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ſt my Life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine Authority to command
The Keys of all the Poſterns: Pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent Hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, *and Ladies.*

Her. TAKE the Boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord,
Shall I be your Play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?
Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me, as if
I were a Baby ſtill; I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Brows are blacker; yet black Brows, they ſay,
Become ſome Women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much Hair there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a Half-Moon made with a Pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens Faces: Pray now,
What Colour be your Eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a Mock: I have ſeen a Lady's Noſe
That has been blue, but not her Eye-brows.
1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your Mother, rounds apace: We ſhall
Preſent our Services to a fine new Prince
One of theſe Days, and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.*

a *Lady*. She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly Bulk, good Time encounter her.
Her. What Wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter.
I have one of Sprights and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt,
To fright me with your Sprights: You're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a Man——
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond Crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine Ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords*.

Leo. Was he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the Tuft of Pines I met them; never
Saw I Men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt Cenſure? In my true Opinion?
Alack, for leſſer Knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup
A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no Venom; for his Knowledge
Is not infected; but if one preſent
Th'abhorr'd Ingredient to his Eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his Sides
With violent Hefts. I have drunk, and ſeen the Spider.
Camillo was his Help in this, his Pander:
There is a Plot againſt my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted; that falſe Villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;
He hath diſcover'd my Deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: How came the Poſterns
So eaſily open?

Lord.

Lord. By his great Authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd, than ſo
On your Command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him,
Though he do's bear ſome Signs of me, yet you
Have too much Blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'ld ſay he had not;
And I'll be ſworn you would believe my Saying,
How e'er you lean to th' Nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The Juſtice of your Hearts will thereto add,
'Tis Pity ſhe's not honeſt: Honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door Form,
Which on my Faith deſerves high Speech, and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, theſe Petty-brands
That Calumny doth uſe: Oh I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf, theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But be't known,
From him that has moſt Cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an Adultreſs.

Her. Should a Villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd Villain in the World,
He were as much more Villain: You, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a Creature of thy Place,
Leſt Barbariſm, making me the Precedent,
Should a like Language uſe to all Degrees,
And mannerly Diſtinguiſhment leave out,

Betwixt the Prince and Beggar. I have ſaid
She's an Adulteſs, I have ſaid with whom:
More; She's a Traitor, and *Camillo* is
A Federaty with her, and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelf,
But with her moſt vild Principal; that ſhe's
A Bed-Swerver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgar give bold'ſt Titles; ay, and privy
To this their late Eſcape.

Her. No, by my Life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer Knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle, my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In thoſe Foundations which I build upon,
The Center is not big enough to bear
A School-boy's Top. Away with her, to Priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There is ſome ill Planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the Heav'ns look
With an Aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our Sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain Dew
Perchance ſhall dry your Pities; but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than Tears drown: 'Beſeech you all, my Lords,
With Thoughts ſo qualified as your Charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's Will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? Beſeech your Highneſs
My Women may be with me, for you ſee
My Plight requires it. Do not weep, good Fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know your Miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd Priſon, then abound in Tears,
As I come out; this Action I now go on,
Is for my better Grace. Adieu, my Lord,

I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now
I truſt I ſhall. My Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your Juſtice
Prove Violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your Son.
Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my Life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t' accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' Eyes of Heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuſe her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, I'll go in Couples with her:
Then when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every Inch of Woman in the World,
Ay, every Dram of Woman's Fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your Peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves:
You are abuſed by ſome Putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the Villain,
I would Land-damn him: Be ſhe Honour-flaw'd,
I have three Daughters; the Eldeſt is Eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine; and Sons five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honour
I'll geld 'em all: Fourteen they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe Generations: They are Co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my ſelf, than they
Should not produce fair Iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this Buſineſs with a Senſe as cold
As is a dead Man's Noſe; but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The Inſtruments that feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no Grave to bury Honeſty,
There's not a Grain of it, the Face to ſweeten

Of

Of the whole dungy Earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this Ground; and more it would content me
To have your Honour true, than your Suſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this? But rather follow
Our forceful Inſtigation? Our Prerogative
Calls not your Counſels, but our natural Goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a Truth like us: Inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your Advice: The Matter,
The Loſs, the Gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent Judgment try'd it,
Without more Overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by Age,
Or thou wert born a Fool. *Camillo*'s Flight
Added to their Familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd Conjecture,
That lack'd Sight only, nought for Approbation,
But only ſeeing all other Circumſtances
Made up to th' Deed) doth puſh on this Proceeding;
Yet for a greater Confirmation,
(For in an Act of this Importance, 'twere
Moſt pitious to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in Poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd Sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe Spiritual Counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know; yet ſhall the Oracle
Give reſt to th' Minds of others; ſuch as he,

Whose ignorant Credulity will not
Come up to th' Truth. So we have thought it good
From our free Person, she should be confin'd,
Lest that the Treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick; for this Business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good Truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. The Keeper of the Prison, call to him:
[*Exit Gent.*
Let him have the Knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in Prison? Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.*

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Gao. I may not, Madam,
To the contrary I have express Commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do to lock up Honesty and Honour from
Th' Access of gentle Visitors! Is't lawful pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Gao. So please you, Madam,
To put a-part these your Attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her:
Withdraw your selves.

Gao. And, Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.

Pau. Well; be it so; Prethee.
Enter Emilia.
Here's such a-do to make no Stain a Stain,
As passes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,

How

Have fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn
May hold together: on her Frights and Griefs,
Which never tender Lady hath born greater,
She is, something before her Time, deliver'd.

Paul. A Boy?

Emil. A Daughter and a goodly Babe,
Lusty, and like to live: The Queen receives
Much Comfort in't. Says, My poor Prisoner,
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them;
He must be told on't, and shall; the Office
Becomes a Woman best. I'll take't upon me,
If I prove Honey-mouth'd, let my Tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd Anger be
The Trumpet any more. Pray you *Emilia*,
Commend my best Obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little Babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the Sight o'th' Child:
The Silence often of pure Innocence
Persuades, when Speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your Honour and your Goodness is so evident,
That your free Undertaking cannot miss
A thriving Issue: There is no Lady living
So meet for this great Errand; please your Ladyship
To visit the next Room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble Offer,
Who but to Day hammered of this Design,
But durst not tempt a Minister of Honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that Tongue I have; if Wit flow from't,
As Boldness from my Bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it:
I'll to the Queen: Please you come something nearer.

Gen. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the Babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur to paſs it,
Having no Warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The Child was Priſoner to the Womb, and is
By Law and Proceſs of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a Party to
The Anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the Treſpaſs of the Queen.

Gen. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine Honour, I
Will ſtand betwixt you and Danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Leonatus, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor Night, nor Day, no reſt; it is but Weakneſs
To bear the Matter thus; meer Weakneſs, if
The Cauſe were not in Being; part o'th' Cauſe,
She, th' Adultreſs; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arm; out of the Blank
And Level of my Brain; Plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say that ſhe were gone,
Given to the Fire, a Moiety of my Reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the Boy?

Atten. He took good Reſt to Night; 'tis hop'd
His Sickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſs!
Conceiving the Diſhonour of his Mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the Shame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no Thought of him,
The very Thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too Mighty:
Until a Time may ſerve, for preſent Vengeance

Take

Take it on her. *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their Paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my Power.

Enter Paulina *with a Child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous Paſſion, more, alas,
Than the Queen's Life? A gracious innocent Soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not ſlept to Night; commanded
None ſhould come near him.

Pau. Not ſo hot, good Sir,
I come to bring him Sleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like Shadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the Cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honeſt as either, to purge him of that Humour,
That preſſes him from Sleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Pau. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful Conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your Diſpleaſure's Peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Pau. From all Diſhoneſty he can; in this,
Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing Honour, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the Rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Pau. Good my Liege, I come——

And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſs
My ſelf your loyal Servant, your Phyſician,
Your moſt obedient Counſellor: Yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your Evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord, good Queen,
I ſay good Queen;
And would, by Combat, make her good, were I
A Man, the worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but Trifles of his Eyes
Firſt hand me: On mine own accord I'll off,
But firſt, I'll do my Errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a Daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your Bleſſing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leo. Out!
A mankind Witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing Bawd.

Paul. Not ſo,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In ſo entit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this World goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the Baſtard. [*To Ant.*
Thou Dotard, thou art Woman-tyr'd; unroofted
By the Dame *Partlet* here. Take up the Baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay, give't to the Croan.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy Hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced Baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
You'd call your Children yours.

Leo. A Neſt of Traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good Light.

Paul.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred Honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful Son's, his Babe's betrays to Slander,
Whose Sting is sharper than the Sword's; and will not
(For as the Case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak or Stone was sound.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundless Tongue, who late hath beat her Husband
And now baits me. This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the Fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th'old Proverb to your Charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
Altho'the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father; Eye, Nose, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his Forehead, nay the Valley,
The pretty Dimples of his Chin, and Cheek, his Smiles,
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nail, Finger.
And thou good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her Children not her Husband's.

Leo. A gross Hag!
And *Lozel*, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her Tongue.

Ant. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot do that Feat, you'll leave your self
Hardly one Subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an Heretick that makes the Fire,

Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you Tyrant,
But this most cruel Usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more Accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd Fancy) sometimes savours
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her Life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Pau. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your Babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What need these Hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his Follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you,
So, so: Farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leo. Thou, Traitor, hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't. Even thou, that hast
A Heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with Fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me Word 'tis done,
And by good Testimony, or I'll seize thy Life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-brains with these my proper Hands
Shall I dash out: Go take it to the Fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
The Lords, my noble Fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can, my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're Liars all.

Lords. 'Beseech your Highness give us better Credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us: And on our Knees we beg,
(As Recompence of our dear Services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead

Lead on to ſome foul Iſſue. We all kneel——
Leo. I am a Father for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this Baſtard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither. You Sir, come you hither; [*To Ant.*
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Midwife there,
To ſave this Baſtard's Life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's grey: What will you adventure,
To ſave this Brat's Life?
Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my Ability may undergo,
And Nobleneſs impoſe: At leaſt thus much;
I'll pawn the little Blood which I have left,
To ſave the Innocent; any thing poſſible,
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this Sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my Lord.
Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't, ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart Place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without much Mercy, to its own Protection,
And favour of the Climate; as by ſtrange Fortune
It came to us, I do in Juſtice charge thee,
On thy Soul's Peril, and thy Body's Torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I ſwear to do this; tho' a preſent Death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor Babe,
Some powerful Spirit inſtruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolves and Bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their Savageneſs aſide) have done
Like Offices of Pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this Deed does require; and Bleſſing,

Against this Cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing condemn'd to Loss. [*Exit with the Child.*
Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's Issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your Highness, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An Hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.
Lord. So please you, Sir, their Speed
Hath been beyond Account.
Leo. Twenty three Days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretels
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The Truth of this appear. Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may Arraign
Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Trial. While she lives
My Heart will be a Burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my Bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

Cle. THE Climate's delicate, the Air most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common Praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the Reverence
Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice;
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' Offering!
Cleo. But of all, the Burst
And the Ear-deafning Voice o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Jove's* Thunder, so surpris'd my Sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion.

Dio. If th' Event o'th' Journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen (O be't ſo)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy;
The time is worth the uſe on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! Theſe Proclamations,
So forcing Faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent Carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Buſineſs, when the Oracle,
Thus by *Apollo*'s great Divine ſeal'd up,
Shall the Contents diſcover: Something rare
Even then will ruſh to Knowledge. Go; freſh Horſes,
And gracious be the Iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, *Lords*, *Officers*, Hermione *as to her Trial*, *with* Paulina *and Ladies*.

Leo. This Seſſions, to our great Grief, we pronounce,
Even puſhes 'gainſt our Heart. The Party try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in Juſtice, which ſhall have due Courſe,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Priſoner.

Offi. It is his Highneſs Pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in Perſon here in Court. Silence!

Leo. Read the Indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of High Treaſon, in committing Adultry with* Polixenes *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy Royal Husband; the Preſence whereof being by Circumſtances partly laid open, thou* Hermione, *contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by Night.*

Her.

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my Accuſation, and
The Teſtimony on my Part, no other
But what comes from my ſelf, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: Mine Integrity
Being counted Falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo reciev'd. But thus, if Powers Divine
Behold our Human Actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſations bluſh, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt Life
Hath been as continent, as chaſt, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than Hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moiety of the Throne: A great King's Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief (which I would ſpare:) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own Conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your Grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what Encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of Honour, or in act, or will,
That way enclining, hardned be the Hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of Kin
Cry fie upon my Grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of thoſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſs Impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That is true enough,
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her.

Her. More than Miſtreſs of;
What comes to me in name of Fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both Diſobedience and Ingratitude
To you, and towards your Friends; whoſe Love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt Man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a Language that I underſtand not;
My Life ſtands in the level of your Dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams,
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all Shame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all Truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: For as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No Father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our Juſtice, in whoſe eaſieſt Paſſage
Look for no leſs than Death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats;
The Bug which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can Life be no Commodity,
The Crown and Comfort of my Life, your Favour,
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Joy,

The

The First-fruits of my Body, from his Presence
I am barr'd like one infectious. My third Comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my Breast
(The innocent Milk in its most innocent Mouth)
Hal'd out to Murder; my self on every Post
Proclaim'd a Strumpet; with immodest Hatred
The Child-bed Privilege deny'd which 'longs
To Women of all Fashion: Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open Air, before
I have got strength of Limbs. Now, my Liege,
Tell me what Blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no Life,
I prize it not a Straw, but for mine Honour,
Which I would free: If I shall be condemn'd
Upon Surmises, all Proofs sleeping else.
But what your Jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge,

Lord. This your Request

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s Name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughter's Trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my Misery; yet with Eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Priest; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Officer. Hermione *is Chast*, Polixenes *blameless*, [Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly*

truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo.*

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read the Truth?

Offic. Ay, my Lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no Truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Sessions shall proceed; this is meer Falshood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King.

Leo. What is the Business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to Report it.
The Prince your Son, with meer Conceit and Fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my Injustice. How now there? [Her. *faints.*

Paul. This News is mortal to the Queen: Look down
And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her Heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.
I have too much believ'd mine own Suspicion:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some Remedies for Life. *Apollo,* pardon
My great Prophaness 'gainst thine Oracle.
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes,*
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo,*
(Whom I proclaim a Man of Truth, of Mercy.)
For being transported by my Jealousies
To bloody Thoughts and to Revenge, I chose
Camillo for the Minister, to poison
My Friend *Polixenes;* which had been done,
But that the good Mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command, tho' I with Death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (most Human,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Guest
Unclasp'd my Practice, quit his Fortunes here,

Which

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all Incertainties, himſelf commended,
No richer than his Honour: How he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt! And how his Piety
Does my Deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leſt my Heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. What Fit is this, good Lady?

Pau. What ſtudied Torments, Tyrant, haſt for me?
What Wheels? Racks? Fires? What Flaying? Boiling?
Burning.
In Leads or Oils? What old or new Torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe very word deſerves
To taſt of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny,
(Together working with thy Jealouſies,
Fancies too weak for Boys, too green and idle
For Girls of nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad; for all
Thy by-gone Fooleries were but Spices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but ſhew thee, of a Fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: Nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s Honour,
To have him kill a King: Poor Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: Wherefore I reckon
The caſting forth to Crows thy Baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a Devil
Would have ſhed Water out of Fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the Death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable Thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the Heart
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire,
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: This is not, no,
Laid to thy Anſwer; but the laſt: O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry Woe, the Queen, the Queen,
The ſweeteſt deareſt Creature's Dead; and Vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid.

Pau.

Paul. I say she's dead: I'll swear't. If Word, nor Oath
Prevail not, go and see: If you can bring
Tincture, or Lustre in her Lip, her Eye,
Heat outwardly, or Breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant!
Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
That all thy Woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but Despair: A thousand Knees,
Ten thousand Years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In Storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All Tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldness of your Speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't.
All Faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The Rashness of a Woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble Heart. What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past Grief. Do not receive Affliction
At my Petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a foolish Woman.
The Love I bore your Queen —— lo, Fool again ——
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your Children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your Patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the Truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee bring me
To the dead Bodies of my Queen and Son,
One Grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The Causes of their Death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual; once a Day I'll visit

The Chappel where they lye, and Teares shed there
Shall be my Recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this Exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these Sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A desart Country; the Sea at a little distance.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our Ship hath touch'd upon
The Desarts of *Bohemia*.

Mar. Ay, my Lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time: The Skies look grimly,
And threaten present Blusters. In my Conscience,
The Heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred Wills be done; get thee Aboard,
Look to thy Bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' Land; 'tis like to be loud Weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the Creatures
Of Prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at Heart
To be so rid o'th' Business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the Spirits o'th' Dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last Night; for ne'er was Dream
So like a waking. To me comes a Creature,
Sometimes her Head on one side, some another,
I never saw a Vessel of like Sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white Robes,
Like very Sanctity, she did approach
My Cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some Speech, her Eyes

Became

Second two Spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate, against thy better Disposition,
Hath made thy Person for the thrower-out
Of my poor Babe, according to thine Oath,
Places Remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the Babe
Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*
I prithee call't. For this ungentle Business
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into Air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self; and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreams are Toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd Death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the Issue
Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,
Either for Life or Death, upon the Earth
Of its right Father. Blossom, speed thee well,
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lye, and there thy Character: There these,
Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee, Pretty one,
And still rest thine. The Storm begins; poor Wretch,
That for thy Mother's Fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my Heart bleeds: And most Accurst am I
To be by Oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel,
The Day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The Heav'ns so dim by Day. A savage Clamour!
Well may I get aboard: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever. [*Exit pursued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no Age between ten and three and twenty, or that Youth would sleep out the rest: For there is nothing, in the between, but getting Wenches with Child, wronging the Ancientry, stealing, fighting —Hark you now—would any but these boil'd Brains

Brains of nineteen, and two and twenty. Hunt this Weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt Sheep, which I fear the Wolf will ſooner find than the Maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the Sea-ſide, browſing of Ivy. Good luck, and't be thy will, what have we here? [*Taking up the Child*] Mercy on's, a Barn! a very pretty Barn! a Boy or a Child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, ſure ſome 'ſcape: Tho' I am not Bookiſh, yet I can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome Stair-work, ſome Trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my Son come: He hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, Man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by Sea and by Land; but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the Sky; betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a Bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, Boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the Shore; but that's not to the Point; Oh the moſt piteous Cry of the poor Souls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her Main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with Yeſt and Froth, as you'ld thruſt a Cork into a Hogſhead. And then the Land-ſervice, to ſee how the Bear tore out his Shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his Name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman. But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor Souls roar'd, and the Sea mock'd them. And how the poor Gentleman roar'd, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the Sea, or Weather.

Shep. Name of Mercy, when was this, Boy?

Clo.

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights; the Men are not yet cold under Water, nor the Bear half dined on the Gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old Man.

Clo. I would you had been by the Ship-side, to have help'd her, there your Charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy Matters, heavy Matters; but look thee here, Boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new Born. Here's a sight for thee; Look thee, a Bearing-cloth for a Squire's Child! Look thee here; take up, take up, Boy, open't; so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changling; open't, what's within, Boy?

Clo. You're a mad old Man; If the Sins of your Youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Fairy Gold, Boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: Home, home, the next way. We are lucky, Boy, and to be so still requires nothing but Secresie. Let my Sheep go: Come, good Boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, I'll go see if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: They are never Curst, but when they are hungry: If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good Deed; if thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' Ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky Day, Boy, and we'll do good Deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Time, The Chorus.

Time. I That please some, try all, both Joy and Terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold Error;
Now take upon me, in the Name of Time,
To use my Wings. Impute it not a Crime
To me, or my swift Passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen Years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my Power
To o'erthrow Law, and in one self-born hour
To plant, and o'er-whelm Custom. Let me pass
The same I am, e'er ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seems to it: Your Patience this allowing,
I turn my Glass, and give my Scene such growing
As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' Effects of his fond Jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle Spectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a Son o'th' King's, which *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her ensues,
I list not Propheſie. But let Time's News
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A Shepherd's Daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' Argument of Time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent Time worse, ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a Sickneſs denying thee any thing, a Death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen Years ſince I ſaw my Country; though, I have, for the moſt part, been aired Abroad, I deſire to lay my Bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my Maſter, hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling Sorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another Spur to my Departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy Services, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own Goodneſs hath made: Better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me Buſineſs, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very Services thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my Study, and my profit therein, the heaping Friendſhips. Of that fatal Country *Sicilia*, prithee ſpeak no more, whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the Remembrance of that Penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my Brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and Children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my Son? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their Iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their Virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three Days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier Affairs may be, are to me unknown: But I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is leſs frequent to his Princely Exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have Eyes under my Service, which look upon his Removedneſs; from whom I have this Intel-

Intelligence, that he is seldom from the House of a most homely Shepherd; a Man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the Imagination of his Neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable Estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a Man, who hath a Daughter of most rare Note; the Report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a Cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence; but, I fear, the Angle that plucks our Son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the Place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the Shepherd; from whose Simplicity, I think it not uneasie to get the Cause of my Son's Resort thither. Prithee be my present Partner in this Business, and lay aside the Thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your Command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must Disguise our selves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Autolicus *singing.*

When Daffadils begin to peere
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'th' Year:
For the red Blood reigns in the Winter's Pale.

The white Sheet bleaching on the Hedge,
With hey the sweet Birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging Tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a Dish for a King.

The Lark with Tirra lyra chaunts,
With hey, with hey the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer Songs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the Hay.

I have served Prince *Florizel*, and in my Time wore three Pile, but now I am out of Service.

But

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my Dear,
The pale Moon ſhines by Night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If Tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the Sow-skin Budget,
Then my Account I well may give,
And in the Stocks avouch it.

My Traffick is Sheets; when the Kite builds, look to leſſer Linen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewiſe a Snapper-up of unconſider'd Trifles: With Die and Drab, I purchas'd Capariſon, and my Revenue is the ſilly Cheat. Gallows, and Knock, are too powerful on the High-way. Beating and Hanging are Terrors to me: For the Life to come, I ſleep out the Thought of it. A Prize! A Prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee, every eleven Weather Tods, every Tod yields Pound and odd Shilling; Fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the Wooll to?

Aut. If the Sprindge hold, the Cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheep-ſhearing Feaſt? Three Pound of Sugar, five Pound of Currants, Rice—— What will this Siſter of mine do with Rice? But my Father hath made her Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty Noſe-gays for the Shearers; three-Man-Song-men, all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them Means and Baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings Pſalms to Horn-Pipes. I muſt have Saffron to colour the Warden-Pies, Mace——Dates——none——that's out of my Note: Nutmegs, ſeven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may beg: Four Pound of Pruins, and as many of Raſins o'th' Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born. [*Groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me——

Aut. Oh help me, help me: Pluck but off theſe Rags,

and then Death, Death——

Clo. Alack, poor Soul, thou hast need of more Rags to lay on thee rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor Man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my Mony and Apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable Things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a Horse-man, or a Foot-man?

Aut. A Foot-man, sweet Sir, a Foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a Foot-man, by the Garments he has left with thee; If this be a Horse-man's Coat, it hath seen very hot Service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor Soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my Shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable Office.

Clo. Dost lack any Mony? I have a little Mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir: No, I beseech you, Sir; I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a Mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have Mony, or any thing I want: Offer me no Mony, I pray you, that kills my Heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A Fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with Trol-my-Dames: I knew him once a Servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his Virtues it was, but he was certainly Whipp'd out of the Court.

Clo. His Vices, you would say; there's no Virtue whipp'd out of the Court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this Man well, he hath been ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſs-ſerver, a Bailiff; then he compaſt a Motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a Tinker's Wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and having flown over many knaviſh Profeſſions, he ſettled only in Rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, Prig! for my Life Prig; he haunts Wakes, Fairs, and Bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true; Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the Rogue that put me into his Apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of Heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my Kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewel, I muſt go to buy Spices for our Sheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir. Your Purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice. I'll be with you at your Sheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the Shearers prove Sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my Name put into the Book of Virtue.

SONG.

Fog on, Fog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the Stile-a.
A merry Heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a Mile-a [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual Weeds, to each part of you
Does give a Life: No Shepherdeſs but *Flora*,
Peering in *April*'s Front. This your Sheep-ſhearing
Is a merry meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir; my gracious Lord,
To chide at your Extreams, it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: Your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' Land, you have obſcur'd
With a Swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly Maid,
Moſt Goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our Feaſts,
In every Meſs, have Folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt it with a Cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attir'd; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew my ſelf a Glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good Falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy Father's Ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe;
To me the difference forges dread, your Greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to Fear; even now I tremble
To think your Father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he look to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! What would he ſay! Or how
Should I, in theſe my borrowed Flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his Preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but Jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their Deities to Love, have taken
The Shapes of Beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A Ram, and bleated; and the Fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
As I ſeem now. Their Transformations,
Were never for a piece of Beauty rarer,

Nor

Nor in a way ſo chaſt: Since my Deſires
Run not before mine Honour, nor my Luſts
Burn hotter than my Faith.

Per. O, but dear Sir,
Your Reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' Power of the King.
One of theſe two muſt be Neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe;
Or I my Life,

Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd Thoughts I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feaſt; or I'll be thine, my Fair,
Or not my Father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' Deſtiny ſay no. Be merry, gentle,
Strangle ſuch Thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your Gueſts are coming:
Lift up your Countenance, as it were the day
Of Celebration of that Nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come,

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes, *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach;
Addreſs your ſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with Mirth.

Shep. Fie, Daughter; when my old Wife liv'd, upon
This day ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her Song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' Table, now i'th' middle;
On his Shoulder, and his; her Face o'fire
With Labour; and the things ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The Hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe unknown Friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more known.

Come, quench your Blushes, and present your self
That which you are, Mistress o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your Sheep-shearing,
As your good Flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To Polixenes and Cam.*
It is my Father's Will, I should take on me
The Hostesship o'th' Day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me those Flowers there, *Dorcas*. Reverend Sirs;
For you there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keep
Seeming and Savour all the Winter long:
Grace and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our Ages
With Flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the Year growing ancient,
Nor yet on Summer's Death, nor on the Birth
Of trembling Winter, the fairest Flowers o'th' Season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gillyflowers,
Which some call Nature's Bastards; of that kind
Our rustick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle Maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say there be,
Yet Nature is made better by no Mean,
But Nature makes that Mean; so over that Art,
Which you say adds to Nature is an Art
That Nature makes; you see, sweet Maid, we marry
A gentler Sien to the wildest Stock,
And make conceive a Bark of baser kind
By Bud of Nobler Race. This is an Art
Which does mend Nature; Change it rather; but
The Art it self is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gillyflowers,
And do not call them Bastards.

Per.

Per. I'll not put
The Dibble in Earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than were I Painted, I would wiſh
This Youth ſhould ſay 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's Flowers for you;
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savoury, Marjoram,
The Mary-gold, that goes to Bed with th'Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To Men of middle Age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your Flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January* [Friends,
Would blow you through and through. Now, my faireſt
I would I had ſome Flowers o'th' Spring, that might
Become your time of Day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From *Dis*'s Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The Winds of *March* with Beauty; Violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the Lids of *Juno*'s Eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s Breath; pale Prim-roſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his Strength, a Malady
Moſt incident to Maids; bold Oxlips, and
The Crown-Imperial; Lillies of all kinds,
The Flower-de-Lis being one. O theſe I lack
To make you Garlands of, and my ſweet Friend
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a Coarſe?

Per. No, like a Bank, for Love to lie and play on;
Not like a Coarſe; or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine Arms. Come, take your Flowers,
Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſon Paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Does change my Diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, Sweet,
I'll have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'll have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give Alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your Affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do Dance, I wiſh you
A Wave o'th' Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent Deeds,
That all your Acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your Praiſes are too large; but that your Youth
And the true Blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd,
With Wiſdom, I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think you have
As little Skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our Dance I pray;
Your Hand, my *Perdita*; ſo Turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born Laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than her ſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething
That makes her Blood look on't: Good ſooth ſhe is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your Miſtreſs; marry Garlick to mend her kiſſing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a Word, a Word, we ſtand upon our Manners, Come ſtrike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this Which Dances with your Daughter?

Shep.

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own Report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my Daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the Water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my Daughter's Eyes: And, to be plain,
I think there is not half a Kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She Dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O Master, if you did but hear the Pedler at the Door, you would never Dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: No, the Bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several Tunes faster than you'll tell Mony; he utters them as he had eaten Ballads, and all Mens Ears grow to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a Ballad but even too well, if it be doleful Matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath Songs for Man or Woman of all Sizes; no Milliner can so fit his Customers with Gloves: He has the prettiest Love-songs for Maids, so without Bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of Dildos and Fapings: Jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the Maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good Man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good Man.*

Pol. This is a brave Fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited Fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the Colours i' th' Rainbow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the Grots: Inkles, Caddisses,

diffes, Cambricks, Lawns; why he fings 'em over, as they were Gods or Goddeffes; you would think a Smock were a She-Angel, he fo chants to the Sleeve-hand, and the work about the Square on't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in, and let him approach fing-ing.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrilous Words in's Tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe Pedlars, that have more in them, than you'd think, Siſter.

Per. Ay, good Brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was Crow;
Gloves as ſweet as Damask Roſes,
Masks for Faces, and for Noſes;
Bugle-Bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Lady's Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
For my Lads to give their Dears:
Pins, and poaking Sticks of Steel,
What Maids lack from Head to Heel:
Come buy of me, come: Come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no Mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the Bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be Liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no Manners left among Maids? Will they wear their Plackets, where they ſhould bear their Faces? Is there not Milking-time, when you are going to Bed, or Kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe Secrets, but you muſt be tittle-

tittle-tattling before all our Guests? 'tis well they are whispring: Clamour your Tongues, and not a Word more.

Mop. I have done: Come, you promis'd me a tawdry Lace, and a pair of sweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my Mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves Men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, Man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many Parcels of Charge.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a Ballad in Print, or a Life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful Tune, how a Usurer's Wife was brought to Bed with twenty Mony Bags at a Burthen, and how she long'd to eat Adder's Heads, and Toads Carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true and but a Month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a Usurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwife's Name to't; one Mistress *Tale-Porter*, and five or six honest Wives that were present. Why should I carry Lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more Ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another Ballad of a Fish, that appear'd upon the Coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand Fadom above Water, and sung this Ballad against the hard Hearts of Maids; it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold Fish, for she would not exchange Flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five Justices Hands at it; and Witnesses more than my Pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the Tune of two Maids wooing a Man; there's scarce a Maid Westward but she sings it: 'Tis in Requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a Month a-go.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my Occupation: Have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy Oath full well,*
Thou to me thy Secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' Grange, or Mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my Love to be,*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? Say whither?

Clo. We'll have this Song out anon by our ſelves: My Father and the Gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy Pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedlar let's have the firſt Choice; follow me Girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape,
My dainty Duck, my Deer-a?
Any Silk, any Thread, any Toys for your Head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt Wear-a:

Come

Come to the Pedler, Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all Mens Ware-a.

[*Ex. Clown*, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds that have made themselves all Men of Hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a Gally-maufry of Gambols, because they are not in't: But they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but Bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: 'Pray let's see these four-threes of Herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve Foot and half by th'Square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good Men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair Shepherd,
Your Heart is full of something, that does take
Your Mind from Feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed Love, as you do, I was wont
To load my She with Knacks: I would have Ransack'd
The Pedler's silken Treasury, and have pour'd it
To her Acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of Love, or Bounty, you were straited
For a Reply at least, if you make a Care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such Trifles as these are;

The

The Gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my Heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breath my Life
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy Hand, this Hand,
As soft as Dove's Down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian* Tooth, or the fann'd Snow,
That's bolted by th' Northern Blast, twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young Swain seems to wash
The Hand, was fair before! I have put you out;
But to your Protestation: Let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my Neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and Men; the Earth, and Heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest Youth
That ever made Eye swerve, had Force and Knowledge
More than was ever Man's, I would not prize them
Without her Love; for her imploy them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her Service,
Or to their own Perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shews a sound Affection.
Shep. But my Daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By the Pattern of mine own Thoughts, I cut out
The Purity of his.
Shep. Take Hands, a Bargain;
And Friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my Daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I'th' Virtue of your Daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your Wonder: But come on,

Contract

Contract us 'fore these Witnesses.
Shep. Come, your Hand;
And, Daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, Swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a Father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a Father
Is at the Nuptial of his Son, a Guest
That best becomes the Table: 'Pray you once more,
Is not your Father grown incapable
Of reasonable Affairs? Is he not Stupid
With Age, and altring Rheums? Can he speak? Hear?
Know Man from Man? Dispute his own Estate?
Lyes he not Bed-rid? and again, does nothing
But what he did, being Childish?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his Health, and ampler Strength indeed
Than most have of his Age.
Pol. By my white Beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a Wrong
Something unfilial: Reason my Son
Should chuse himself a Wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose Joy is nothing else
But fair Posterity) should hold some Counsel
In such a Business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other Reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this Business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee let him.
Flo. No; he must not.
Shep. Let him, my Son, he shall not need to grieve,
At knowing of thy Choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our Contract.

Pol.

Pol. Mark your Divorce, young Sir, [*Discovering himself.*
Whom Son I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepter's Heir,
That thus affects a Sheep-hook? Thou old Traytor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy Life one Week. And thou fresh Piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know
The Royal Fool thou coap'st with.

Shep. Oh my Heart!

Pol. I'll have thy Beauty scratch'd with Briars, and made
More homely than thy State. For thee, fond Boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this Knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from Succession,
Not hold thee of our Blood, no not our Kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: Mark thou my Words;
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our Displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: And You, Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our Honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever henceforth, thou
These rural Latches to his Entrance open,
Or hope his Body more, with thy Embraces,
I will devise a Death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same Sun that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his Visage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone? [*To Flo.*
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you
Of your own State take care: This Dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, Father.
Speak e'er thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To Flor.*
You

You have undone a Man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his Grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the Bed my Father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt Bones; but now
Some Hang-man muſt put on my Shroud, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhovels in Duſt. Oh curſed Wretch!
[To Perdita.
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt adventure
To mingle Faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this Hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My Leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Father's Temper: At this time
He will allow no Speech, which I do gueſs
You do not purpoſe to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the Fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo?*

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my Dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The Violation of my Faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th' Earth together,
And mar the Seeds within. Lift up thy Looks:
From my Succeſſion wipe me, Father, I
Am Heir to my Affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my Fancy, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have Reaſon;
If not, my Senſes, better pleas'd with Madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my Vow;
I needs must think it Honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the Pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all that the Sun sees, or
The close Earth wombs, or the profound Seas hide
In unknown Fadoms, will I break my Oath
To this my fair Belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my Father's Friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good Counsels
Upon his Passion; let my self and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on Shore;
And most opportune to her need, I have;
A Vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your Knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your Spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*.
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him Love and Honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see. [*Aside.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am so fraught with curious Business, that
I leave out Ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor Services, i'th' love
That I have born your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: It is my Father's Musick

To

To ſpeak your Deeds; not little of his Care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King.
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my Direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled Project
May ſuffer Alteration: On mine Honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your Miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As Heav'ns forefend) your Ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt Endeavours, in your Abſence,
Your diſcontented Father I'll ſtrive to qualifie,
And bring to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a Miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than Man,
And after that truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on Accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Our ſelves to be the Slaves of Chance, and Flies
Of every Wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your Purpoſe,
But undergo this Flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The Partner of your Bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcomes forth; asks thee, the Son, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' Father's Perſon; kiſſes the Hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his Unkindneſs, and his Kindneſs: Th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow

Faſter

Faſter than Thought or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him Comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your Father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting
What you muſt ſay, that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your Father's Boſom there,
And ſpeak his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome Sap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing,
Than a wild Dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores; moſt certain,
To Miſeries enough: No hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their beſt Office, if they can but ſtay you,
Where you'll be loath to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very Bond of Love,
Whoſe freſh Complexion, and whoſe Heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think Affliction may ſubdue the Cheek,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your Father's Houſe, theſe ſeven Years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks Inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a Miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your Pardon, Sir, for this,
I'll bluſh you Thanks.

Flo.

Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*——
But O, the Thorns we ſtand upon. *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my Father, now of me;
The Medicine of our Houſe; how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s Son,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*——

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my Fortunes
Do all lye there: It ſhall be ſo my Care
To have you Royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn Brother, a very ſimple Gentleman! I have ſold all my Trumpery; not a Counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glaſs, Pomander, Browch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſtning: They throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a Benediction to the Buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe Purſe was beſt in Picture; and what I ſaw, to my good Uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable Man) grew ſo in Love with the Wenches Song, that he would not ſtir his Pettitoes 'till he had both Tune and Words, which ſo drew the reſt of the Herd to me, that all their other Senſes ſtuck in Ears; you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was ſenſeleſs, 'twas nothing to geld a Codpiece of a Purſe; I would have filed Keys off that hung in Chains: No hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's Song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their Feſtival Purſes: And had not the old Man come in with a Whoo-bub againſt his Daughter, and the King's Son, and ſcar'd my Chowghes from the Chaff, I had not left a Purſe alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay; but my Letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*——

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Per. Happy be you:
All that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: Why Hanging.

Cam. How now, good Fellow,
Why shak'st thou so? Fear not, Man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: Here's no Body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy Poverty, we must make an Exchange: Therefore disease thee instantly, (thou must think there's a Necessity in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman: Tho' the Penny-worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee dispach; the Gentleman is half stead ready.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the Trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with Conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistress, (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self
Into some Covert; take your Sweet-heart's Hat
And pluck it o'er your Brows, muffle your Face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The Truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear Eyes over you) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo.

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewel, my Friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a Word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King [*Aside.*
Of this Escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my Hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose Company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight,
I have a Woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us.
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' Sea-side. [*Ex. Flo. & Per.*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I understand the Business, I hear it: To have an open Ear, a quick Eye, and a nimble Hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other Senses. I see this is the Time that the unjust Man doth thrive. What an Exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods do this Year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of Iniquity, stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his Heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more Knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot Brain; Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yields a careful Man work.

Clo. See, see; what a Man you are now? There is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changling, and none of your Flesh and Blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo.

Clo. She being none of your Flesh and Blood, your Flesh and Blood has not offended the King, and so your Flesh and Blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret Things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the Law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every Word, yea, and his Son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest Man neither to his Father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's Brother-in-Law.

Clo. Indeed Brother-in-Law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your Blood had been the dearer by I know how much an Ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, Puppies. [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this Farthel will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what Impediment this Complaint may be to the Flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlers Excrement. How now, Rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, and it like your Worship.

Aut. Your Affairs there? What? with whom? the Condition of that Farthel? the Place of your Dwelling? your Names? your Age? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover?

Clo. We are but plain Fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they often give us, Soldiers, the Lie, but we pay them for it with stamped Coin, not stabbing Steel, therefore they do not give us the Lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the Air of the Court in these Enfoldings? Hath not my Gate in it the Measure of the Court? receives not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy

[illegible] Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I [illegible], or teaze from thee thy Business, I am therefore [illegible] Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will [illegible] push-on, or push back, thy business there, whereupon command thee to open thy Affair.

Shep. My Business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple Men!
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more Noble in being fantastical; a great Man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there; what's i'th Farthel?
Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthel and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this Hour, if I may come to th' Speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy Labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard a new Ship to purge Melancholy, and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of Grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his Son that should have married a Shepherd's Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in Hand-fast, let him fly; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel, will break the Back of Man, the Heart of Monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Germain to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the Hangman,

which, tho' it be great Pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheep-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into Grace? Some ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that Death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? All Deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Has the old Man e'er a Son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a Son, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with Honey, ſet on the Head of a Waſp's Neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three Quarters and a Dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot Infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt Day Prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-Wall, the Sun looking with a Southward Eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to Death. But 'what talk we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe Miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their Offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain Men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your Perſons to his Preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in Man, beſides the King, to effect your Suits, here is a Man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great Authority; cloſe with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a ſtubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Noſe with Gold; ſhew the Inſide of your Purſe to the outſide of his Hand, and no more a-do. Remember ſton'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the Buſineſs for us, here is that Gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young Man in Pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moiety. Are you a Party in this Buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my Caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the Caſe of the Shepherd's Son; hang him, he'll be made an Example.

Clo.

Clo. Comfort, good Comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange Sights; he must know 'tis none of your Daughter nor my Sister, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old Man does, when the Business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the Sea-side, go on the right Hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this Man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a Mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops Booties in my Mouth. I am courted now with a double Occasion: Gold, and a Means to do the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my Advancement? I will bring these two Moals, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to Shoar them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so far officious, for I am Proof against that Title, and what Shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be Matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cleo. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No Fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd down
More Penitence, than done Trespass. At the last
Do as the Heavens have done; forget your evil
With them, forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember

Her and her Virtues, I cannot forget
My Blemishes in them, and so still think of
The Wrong I did my self; which was so much,
That Heir-less it hath made my Kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion that e'er Man
Bred his Hopes out of, true.

Pau. Too true, my Lord,
If one by one you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; It is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more Benefit, and grac'd
Your Kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soveraign Name; Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highness fail of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for Royalties repair,
For present Comfort, and for future Good,
To bless the Bed of Majesty again
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone) Besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret Purposes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
Is't not the Tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heir,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,

Is all as monſtrous to our humane Reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me; who, on my Life,
Did periſh with the Infant. 'Tis your Council,
My Lord ſhould to the Heav'ns be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their Wills. Care not for Iſſue,
The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthieſt; ſo his Succeſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the Memory of *Hermione*
I know in Honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy Council; then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full Eyes,
Have taken Treaſure from her Lips.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt Truth:
No more ſuch Wives therefore no Wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted Spirit,
Again poſſeſs her Corps, and on this Stage,
(Where we Offenders now appear) Soul-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch Power,
She had juſt Cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I married.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the Ghoſt that wak'd, I'd bid you mark
Her Eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your Ears
Should rift to hear me, and the Words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, Stars,
And all Eyes elſe, dead Coals: fear thou no Wife:
I'll have no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free Leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*, ſo be bleſs'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear Witneſs to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her Picture,
Affront his Eye,
Cleo. Good Madam, pray have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No Remedy, but you will; give me the Office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's Ghoſt, it ſhould take Joy
To ſee her in your Arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bidſt us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in Breath:
Never 'till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himſelf Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſs (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires Acceſs
To your high Preſence.
Leo. What with him? He comes not
Like to his Father's Greatneſs; his Approach
So out of Circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What Train?
Ser. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Ser. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of Earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you your ſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that Theam; ſhe had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd; thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you have ſeen a better.

Ser.

Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your Pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the Zeal
Of all Profeſſors elſe, make Proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paw. How? not Women?

Ser. Women will love her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth than any Man: Men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your ſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd Friends)
Bring them to our Embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Paw. Had our Prince
(Jewel of Children) ſeen this Hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full Month
Between their Births.

Leo. Prethee no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: Sure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy Speeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*
Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royal Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Father's Image is ſo hit in you,
His very Air, that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
And your fair Princeſs, Goddeſs, oh! alas!
I loſt a Couple, that 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting Wonder, as
You, gracious Couple do; and then I loſt,
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Tho' bearing Miſery) I deſire my Life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his Command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all Greetings, that a King, as Friend,
Can send his Brother; and but Infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himself
The Lands and Waters 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
He bad me say so, more than all the Scepters,
And those that bear them, living.
Leo. Oh my Brother!
Good Gentleman, the Wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy Offices,
So rarely kind, are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand Slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful Usage,
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a Man, not worth her Pains; much less,
Th' Adventure of her Person?
Flo. Good my Lord.
She came from *Lybia*.
Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Most Royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whose Daughter
His Tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous South-Wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highness; my best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my Success in *Lybia*, Sir,
But my Arrival, and my Wife's, in Safety
Here, where we are.
Leo. The Blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Air, whilst you
Do Climate here; you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose Person,
So sacred as it is, I have done Sin;

For

For which the Heavens, taking angry Note,
Have left me Iſſue-leſs; and your Father's bleſs'd,
As he from Heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his Goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report will bear no Credit,
Were not the Proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his Son, who has
His Dignity and Duty both caſt off,
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherd's Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your City; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My Marvel, and my Meſſage: To your Court
Whilſt he was haſtning, in the Chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair Couple, meets he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whoſe Honour, and whoſe Honeſty, 'till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his Charge;
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him, who now
Has theſe poor Men in Queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the Earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his Ears, and threatens them
With divers Deaths, in Death.

Per. Oh my poor Father,
The Heav'n ſets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The Stars, I ſee, will kiſs the Valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.
Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good Father's Speed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his Liking;
Where you were ty'd in Duty; and as ſorry
Your Choice is not ſo rich in Worth as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my Father; Power no Jot
Hath ſhe to change our Loves. Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now; with Thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate; at your Requeſt,
My Father will grant precious Things, as Trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious Miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a Trifle.
Pau. Sir, my Liege,
Your Eye hath too much Youth in't; not a Month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch Gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe Looks I made. But your Petition
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your Father;
Your Honour not o'erthrown by your Deſires,
I am Friend to them, and you; upon which Errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my Lord.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this Relation?

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the Manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little Amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the Chamber; only this, me-thought, I heard the Shepherd ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the Iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken Delivery of the Buſineſs; but the Changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of Admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the Caſes of their Eyes. There was Speech in their Dumbneſs, Language in their very Geſture; they look'd as if they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable Paſſion of Wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt Beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th' Importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the Extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more: The News, *Rogero.*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but Bonfires: The Oracle is fulfill'd; the King's Daughter is found; ſuch a deal of Wonder is broken out within this Hour, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? This News which is call'd true, is ſo like an old Tale, that the Verity of it is in ſtrong Suſpicion; has the King found his Heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch Unity in the Proofs. The Mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her Jewel about the Neck of it; the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character; the Majeſty of the Creature, in Reſemblance of the Mother; the Affection of Nobleneſs, which Nature ſhews above her Breeding, and many other Evidences proclaim her with all Certainty to be the King's Daughter. Did you ſee the Meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a Sight which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their Joy waded in Tears. There was caſting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch Diſtraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for Joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loſs, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother! then aſks *Bohemia* Forgiveneſs; then embraces his Son-in-Law; then again worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd, who ſtands by, like a Weather-beaten Conduit of many Kings Reigns. I never heard of ſuch another Encounter, which lames Report to follow it, and undoes Deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the Child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old Tale ſtill, which will have Matters to rehearſe, tho' Credit be aſleep, and not an Ear open; he was torn to pieces with a Bear; this avouches the Shepherd's Son, who has not only his Innocence, which ſeems much, to juſtifie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the ſame Inſtant of their Maſter's Death, and in the View of the Shepherd; ſo that all the Inſtruments which aided to expoſe the Child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the Loſs of her Husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her Heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The Dignity of this Act was worth the Audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest Touches of all, and that which angled for mine Eyes, caught the Water, though not the Fish, was, when at the Relation of the Queen's Death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how Attentiveness wounded his Daughter, till, from one Sign of Dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas*, I would fain say, bleed Tears; for I am sure, my Heart wept Blood. Who was most marble there, changed Colour; some swounded, all sorrowed; if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her Mother's Statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a Piece many Years in doing and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* Master, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himself Eternity, and could put breath into his Work, would beguile Nature of her Custom, so perfectly he is her Ape. He so near to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of Answer. Thither, with all greediness of Affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great Matter there in Hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a Day, ever since the Death of *Hermione*, visited that removed House. Shall we thither, and with our Company piece the Rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an Eye, some new Grace will be born: Our absence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Ant. Now, had not I the dash of my former Life in me, would Perferment drop on my Head. I brought the old Man and his Son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the Shepherd's Daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of Weather continuing, this Mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this Secret,

Secret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other Diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my Will, and already appearing in the Bloſſoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paſt more Children; but thy Sons and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman born: See you theſe Cloaths? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no Gentleman born. You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lie; do, and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four Hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, Boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the King's Son took me by the Hand, and call'd me Brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father, Brother; and then the Prince my Brother, and the Princeſs my Siſter called my Father, Father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt Gentleman-like Tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, Son, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard Luck, being in ſo preposterous Eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the Faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good Report to the Prince, my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prithee Son do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy Life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy Hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boors and Franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, Son?

Clo.

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his Friend: And I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy Hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy Hands and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it, and I would thou wouldſt be a tall Fellow of thy Hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my Power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall Fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our Kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's Picture. Come follow us: We'll be thy good Maſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great Comfort
That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, Sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my Services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd
With your crown'd Brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor Houſe to viſit,
It is a Surplus of your Grace, which never
My Life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many Singularities; but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Pau. As ſhe liv'd Peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs I do well believe
Excels what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or Hand of Man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the Life as lively mock'd, as ever

Still

Still sleep mock'd Death; behold, and say 'tis well.
[*Paulina draws a Curtain, and discovers* Hermione *stand-ing like a Statue.*
I like your Silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural Posture.
Chide me, dear Stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As Infancy, and Grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen Years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good Comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such Life of Majesty, warm Life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd; do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone than it? Oh Royal Piece;
There's Magick in thy Majesty, which has
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee,

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that Hand of yours to kiss

Paul. O, Patience;
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry, scarce any Joy,
Did ever so long live; no Sorrow,

But

But kill'd it ſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear, my Brother,
Let him that was the Cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much Grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the Sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you, for the Stone is mine,
I'd not have ſhew'd you it.

Leo. Do not draw the Curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks already——
What was he that did make it? See, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; And that thoſe Veins
Did verily bear Blood?

Pol. Maſterly done.
The very Life ſeems warm upon her Lip.

Leo. The fixture of her Eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with Art.

Paul. I'll draw the Curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty Years together:
No ſettled Senſes of the World can match
The Pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.

Paul. I am ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this Affliction has a Taſte as ſweet
As any cordial Comfort. Still methinks
There is an Air comes from her. What fine Chizzel
Could ever yet cut Breath? Let no Man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.

Paul. Good my Lord forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her Lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily Painting; ſhall I draw the Curtain!

Leo.

Leo. No, not theſe twenty Years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a Looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the Chappel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the Hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your Faith, then all ſtand ſtill.
On; thoſe that think it is unlawful Buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No Foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike, [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be Stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with Marvel. Come,
I'll fill your Grave up: ſtir, nay come away:
Bequeath to Death your Numbneſs; for from him
Dear Life redeems you; you perceive ſhe ſtirs,
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not, her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your Hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in Age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor.
Leo. Oh ſhe's warm, [*Embracing her.*
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawful as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his Neck,
If ſhe pertain to Life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your Mother's Bleſſing; turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found. [*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.
Her. You Gods look down,
And from your ſacred Viols pour your Graces
Upon my Daughter's Head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Father's Court? For thou ſhalt hear that I,
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
My ſelf, to ſee the Iſſue.
Paul. There's Time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your Joys with like Relation. Go together
You precious Winners all, your Exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old Turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd Bough, and there
My Mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.
Leo. O Peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhould'ſt a Husband take by my Conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made between's by Vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A Prayer upon her Grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his Mind) to find thee
An honourable Husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the Hand; whoſe Worth and Honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? Look upon my Brother: Both your Pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy Looks

My

My ill Suſpicion: This your Son-in-law,
And Son unto the King, whom Heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your Daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

v.3.p.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF King JOHN.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King John:
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Salisbury,
Hubert,
Bigot,
} Engliſh *Lords.*
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF King *JOHN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Salisbury, *with* Chattilion.

King JOHN.

NOW ſay, *Chattilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*
In my Behaviour to the Majeſty.
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange Beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good Mother, hear the Embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed Brother *Geffrey's* Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful Claim

To

To this fair Island, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay aside the Sword
Which sways usurpingly these several Titles,
And put the same into young *Arthur*'s Hand,
Thy Nephew, and right Royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud Control of fierce and bloody War,
To inforce these Rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we War for War, and Blood for Blood,
Controlment for Controlment; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's Defiance from my Mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in Peace.
Be thou as Lightning in the Eyes of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The Thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence; be thou the Trumpet of our Wrath,
And sullen Presage of your own Decay:
An honourable Conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't; farewel *Chattilion*.

[*Ex.* Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my Son, have I not ever said
How that Ambitious *Constance* would not cease
'Till she had kindled *France* and all the World,
Upon the Right and Party of her Son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easie Arguments of Love,
Which now the Manage of two Kingdoms must
With fearful bloody Issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong Possession and our Right for us.

Eli. Your strong Possession much more than your Right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my Conscience whispers in your Ear,
Which none but Heav'n, and you and I shall hear.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest Controversie
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard, shall I produce the Men?

K. John. Let them approach.
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This

This Expedition's Charge. What Men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and the Bastard.

Bast. Your faithful Subject, I, a Gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest Son,
As I suppose, to *Faulconbridge*,
A Soldier, by the Honour-giving hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the Field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The Son and Heir to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the Elder, and art thou the Heir?
You came not of one Mother, then it seems?

Bast. Most certain of one Mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and, as I think, one Father:
But for the certain Knowledge of that Truth,
I put you o'er to Heav'n, and to my Mother;
Of that I doubt, as all Mens Children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude Man, thou dost shame thy Mother,
And wound her Honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, Madam? No, I have no Reason for it;
That is my Brother's Plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At least from fair five hundred pound a Year:
Heav'n guard my Mother's Honour, and my Land,

K. John. A good blunt Fellow: Why being younger Born
Doth he lay claim to thine Inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the Land;
But once he slander'd me with Bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my Mother's Head,
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the Bones that took the Pains for me)
Compare our Faces, and be judge your self.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our Father, and this Son like him:
O old Sir *Robert* Father, on my Knee
I give Heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath Heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a Trick of *Cordelion's* Face,
The accent of his Tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some Tokens of my Son

In the large Composition of this Man?

K. John. Mine Eye hath well examined his Parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your Brother's Land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my Father,
With half that Face would he have all my Land,
A half-fac'd Groat, five hundred Pound a Year?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my Father liv'd,
Your Brother did imploy my Father much——

Bast. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my Land,
Your Tale must be how he imploy'd my Mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high Affairs touching that time:
Th' Advantage of his Absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my Father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of Seas and Shores
Between my Father and my Mother lay,
As I have heard my Father speak himself,
When this same lusty Gentleman was got.
Upon his Death-bed he by Will bequeath'd
His Lands to me, and took it on his Death
That this my Mother's Son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the World
Full fourteen Weeks before the Course of time:
Then good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My Father's Land, as was my Father's Will.

K. John. Sirrah, your Brother is Legitimate,
Your Father's Wife did after Wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the Fault was hers,
Which Fault lyes on the Hazards of all Husbands
That marry Wives. Tell me, how if my Brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this Son,
Had of your Father claim'd this Son for his,
In sooth, good Friend, your Father might have kept
This Calf, bred from his Cow, from all the World:
In sooth he might; then if he were my Brother's,
My Brother might not claim him; nor your Father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,

My Mother's Son did get your Father's Heir,
Your Father's Heir must have your Father's Land.
Bast. Shall then my Father's Will be of no force
To dispossess that Child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his Will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy Brother, to enjoy thy Land:
Or the reputed Son of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy Presence, and no Land beside?
Bast. Madam, and if my Brother had my Shape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert's* his, like him,
And if my Legs were two such riding Rods,
My Arms such Eel-skins stuft, my Face so thin,
That in mine Ear I durst not stick a Rose,
Lest Men should say, look where three Farthings goes;
And to his Shape were Heir to all this Land,
Would I might never stir from off this Place,
I would give it every Foot to have this Face:
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any case.
Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy Fortune,
Bequeath thy Land to him, and follow me?
I am a Soldier, and now bound to *France*.
Bast. Brother, take you my Land, I'll take my Chance;
Your Face hath got five hundred Pound a Year,
Yet sell your Face for five Pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the Death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our Country manners give our Betters way.
K. John. What is thy Name?
Bast. Philip, my Liege, so is my Name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert's* Wife's eldest Son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his Name
Whose Form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.
Bast. Brother by th'Mother's side, give me your Hand,
My Father gave me Honour, yours gave Land.
Now blessed be the Hour, by Night or Day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Ell. The very Spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy Grandam, *Richard*, call me so.
Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho',
Something about a little from the right,
In at the Window, or elſe o'er the Hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by Day, muſt walk by Night,
And have is have, however Men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, *Baſtardridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A Landleſs Knight makes thee a Landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.
Baſt. Brother, adieu, good Fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'th' way of Honeſty. [*Ex. all but Baſt.*
A Foot of Honour better than I was,
But many a many Foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a Lady;
Good-den, Sir *Richard*, Godamercy Fellow,
And if his Name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new made Honour doth forget Mens Names:
'Tis too reſpective and too ſociable
For your Converſion, now your Traveller,
He and his Tooth-pick, at my Worſhip's Meſs,
And when my Knightly Stomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my Teeth, and Catechiſe
My picked Man of Countrys; My Dear Sir,
Thus leaning on mine Elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you; that is Queſtion now,
And then comes Anſwer like an Abſey-Book:
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt Command,
At your Employment, at your Service, Sir:
No, Sir, ſays Queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,
And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,
Saving in Dialogue of Compliment,
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
The *Pyrenean* and the River *Po*,
It draws towards Supper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful Society,
And fits the mounting Spirit like my ſelf:

For

For he is but a Baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmoak of Obſervation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmack or no;
And not alone in Habit and Device,
Exterior Form, outward Accoutrement;
But from the inward Motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Poiſon for the Ages Tooth,
Which though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the Footſteps of my Riſing:
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding Robes?
What Woman-poſt is this? Hath ſhe no Husband
That will take Pains to blow a Horn before her?
O me, 'tis my Mother; how now, good Lady?
What brings you here to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Slave, thy Brother? Where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine Honour up and down.

Baſt. My Brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert's* Son,
Colbrand the Giant, that ſame mighty Man,
Is it Sir *Robert's* Son that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert's* Son? ay, thou unreverend Boy,
Sir *Robert's* Son, why ſcorneſt thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Robert's* Son! and ſo art thou.

Baſt. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Baſt. Philip, Sparrow, *James*.
There's Toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit James.*
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert's* Son.
Sir *Robert* might have eat his Part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his Faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well, marry, to confeſs!
Could get me! Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his Handy-work, therefore good Mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe Limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holp to make this Leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy Brother too,
That for thine own Gain ſhould'ſt defend mine Honour?
What means this Scorn, thou moſt untoward Knave?

What, I am dub'd, I have it on my Shoulder:
But Mother, I am not Sir *Robert's* Son,
I have disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my Land,
Legitimation, Name, and all is gone;
Then, good my Mother, let me know my Father,
Some proper Man, I hope; who was it, Mother?

Lady. Hast thou denyd thy self a *Faulconbridge*?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy Father;
By long and vehement Suit I was seduc'd
To make Room for him in my Husband's Bed.
Heav'n lay not my Transgression to my charge;
Thou art the Issue of my dear Offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my Defence.

Bast. Now, by this Light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better Father.
Some Sins do bear their Privilege on Earth,
And so doth yours; your Fault was not your Folly;
Needs must you lay your Heart at his Dispose,
Subjected Tribute to commanding Love,
Against whose Fury and unmatched Force,
The awless Lion could not wage the Fight,
Nor keep his princely Heart from *Richard's* Hands.
He that per Force robs Lions of their Hearts,
May easily win a Woman's: ay, my Mother,
With all my Heart I thank thee for my Father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his Soul to Hell.
Come, Lady, I will shew thee to my Kin,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been Sin;
Who says it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Arch-Duke of* Austria, Constance, *and* Arthur.

Lew. BEfore *Angiers*, well met brave *Austria*.
Arthur, that great Fore-runner of thy Blood
Richard, that robb'd the Lion of his Heart,
And fought the holy Wars in *Palestine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his Grave;
And for amends to his Posterity,
At our Importance hither is he come,
To spread his Colours, Boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the Usurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle, *English John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you *Cordelion*'s Death
The rather, that you give his Offspring Life,
Shadowing their Right under your Wings of War;
I give you welcome with a powerless Hand,
But with a Heart full of unstained Love,
Welcome before the Gates of *Angiers*, Duke.
Lewis. A noble Boy! who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy Cheek lay I this zealous Kiss,
As Seal to this Indenture of my Love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers*, and the Right thou hast in *France*;
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd Shore,
Whose Foot spurns back the Ocean's roaring Tides,
And coops from other Lands her Islanders,
Even 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the Main,
That water-walled Bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign Purposes,
Even 'till that outmost Corner of the West
Salute thee for her King; 'till then, fair Boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow Arms.

Conſt. O take his Mother's Thanks, a Widow's Thanks,
'Till your ſtrong Hand ſhall help to give him Strength,
To make a more Requital to your Love.

Aust. The Peace of Heav'n is theirs, who lift their Swords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable War.

K. Philip. Well then, to work, our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the Brows of this reſiſting Town;
Call for our chiefeſt Men of Diſcipline,
To cull the Plots of beſt Advantages.
We'll lay before this Town our Royal Bones,
Wade to the Market-Place in *Frenchmens* Blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this Boy.

Conſt. Stay for an Anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your Swords with Blood.
My Lord *Chattillion* may from *England* bring
That Right in Peace which here we urge in War,
And then we ſhall repent each Drop of Blood,
That hot raſh Haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chattillion.

K. Philip. A Wonder, Lady! lo! upon thy Wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattillion*, is arriv'd;
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chattillion* ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your Forces from this paultry Siege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier Task.
England, impatient of your juſt Demands,
Hath put himſelf in Arms, the adverſe Winds,
Whoſe Leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To Land his Legions all as ſoon as I.
His Marches are expedient to this Town,
His Forces ſtrong, his Soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Aye* ſtirring him to Blood and Strife,
With her her Neice, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a Baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled Humours of the Land;
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery Voluntaries,
With Ladies Faces, and fierce Dragons Spleens,
Have ſold their Fortunes at their native Homes,
Bearing their Birthright proudly on their Backs,

To

To make a Hazard of new Fortunes here;
In brief, a braver Choice of dauntless Spirits
Than now the *English* Bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling Tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
The Interruption of their churlish Drums
Cuts off more Circumstance; they are at hand,
[*Drums beat.*
To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this Expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake, endeavour for Defence,
For Courage mounteth with Occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, *Bastard*, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke *and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in Peace permit
Our just and lineal Entrance to our own;
If not, bleed *France*, and Peace ascend to Heav'n,
Whilst we, God's wrathful Agent, do correct
Their proud Contempt that beats his Peace to Heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to *England*, if that War return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in Peace.
England we love, and for that *England's* sake
With burthen of our Armour here we sweat;
This Toil of ours should be a Work of thine;
But thou from loving *England* art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King,
Cut off the Sequence of Posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a Rape
Upon the Maiden-virtue of the Crown.
Look here upon thy Brother *Geffry's* Face,
These Eyes, these Brows, were moulded out of his;
This little Abstract doth contain that large
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the Hand of Time
Shall draw this Brief into as large a Volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder Brother born,
And this his Son, *England* was *Geffrey's* Right,
And this is *Geffrey's*; in the Name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,

When living Blood doth in these Temples beat,
Which owe the Crown that thou o'er-maſterest?
K. John. From whom haſt thou this great Commiſſion
To draw my Anſwer from thy Articles?
K. Phil. From that ſupernal Judge that ſtirs good things
In any Breaſt of ſtrong Authority,
To look into the Blots and Stains of Right,
That Judge hath made me Guardian to this Boy,
Under whoſe Warrant I impeach thy Wrong,
And by whoſe Help I mean to chaſtiſe it.
K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp Authority.
K. Philip. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.
Eli. Who is't that thou doſt call Uſurper, *France*?
Conſt. Let me make Anſwer: Thy uſurping Son.
Eli. Out Inſolent, thy Baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the World!
Conſt. My Bed was ever to thy Son as true,
As thine was to thy Huſband, and this Boy,
Liker in Feature to his Father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in Manners being as like
As Rain to Water, or Devil to his Dam.
My Boy a Baſtard! By my Soul I think
His Father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, and if thou were his Mother.
Eli. There's a good Mother, Boy, that blots thy Father.
Conſt. There's a good Grandam, Boy,
That would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Hear the Crier.
Auſt. What the Devil art thou?
Baſt. One that will play the Devil, Sir, with you,
And a may catch your Hide and you alone.
You are the Hare, of whom the Proverb goes,
Whoſe Valour plucks dead Lions by the Beard,
I'll ſmoak your Skin-Coat, and I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.
Blanch. O well did he become that Lion's Robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that Robe.
Baſt. It lyes as ſightly on the Back of him,
As great *Alcides'* Shoes upon an Aſs;

But

But. Ah, I'll take that Burthen from your Back,
Or lay on that shall make your Shoulders crack.
Aust. What Cracker is this same that deafs our Ears
With this abundance of superfluous Breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we shall do streight.
Lewis. Women and Fools break off your Conference:
King *John*, this is the very Sum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Main*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy Arms?
K. John. My Life as soon. I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my Hand,
And out of my dear Love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the Coward-Hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee, Boy.
Eli. Come to thy Grandam, Child.
Const. Do, Child, go to it Grandam, Child,
Give Grandam Kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a Plum, a Cherry and a Fig,
There's a good Grandam.
Arth. Good my Mother, Peace,
I would that I were low laid in my Grave,
I am not worth this Coil that's made for me,
Eli. His Mother shames him so, poor Boy he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His Grandam's Wrong, and not his Mother's Shames,
Draws those Heav'n-moving Pearls from his poor Eyes,
Which Heav'n shall take in nature of a Fee;
Ay, with these sad Chrystal Beads Heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him Justice, and Revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous Slanderer of Heav'n and Earth.
Const. Thou monstrous Injurer of Heav'n and Earth,
Call me not Slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppressed Boy; this is thy eldest Son's Son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy Sins are visited in this poor Child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second Generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving Womb.

K. John. Bastard, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her Sin,
But God hath made her Sin and her, the Plague
On this removed Issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her Plague her Sin; his Injury
Her Injury, the Beadle to her Sin,
All punish'd in the Person of this Child,
And all for her; a Plague upon her.
Eli. Thou unadvised Scold, I can produce
A Will that bars the Title of thy Son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a Will; a wicked Will;
A Woman's Will; a canker'd Grandam's Will.
K. Philip. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate;
It ill beseems this Presence to cry Amen
To these ill tuned Repetitions.
Some Trumpet summon hither to the Walls
These Men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,
Whose Title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.
[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the Walls?
K. Philip. 'Tis *France* for *England*.
K. John. *England* for it self;
You Men of *Angiers*, and my loving Subjects.——
K. Phil. You loving Men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s Subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle Parle——
K. John. For our Advantage; therefore hear us first:
These Flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the Eye and Prospect of your Town,
Have hither march'd to your Endamagement.
The Cannons have their Bowels full of Wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron Indignation 'gainst your Walls:
All Preparation for a bloody Siege,
And merciless Proceeding, by these *French*,
Confront your City's Eyes, your winking Gates;
And but for our Approach, those sleeping Stones,
That as a Waste do girdle you about,
By the Compulsion of their Ordinance

By this time from their fixed Beds of Lime
Had been dishabited, and wide Havock made
For bloody Powers to rush upon your Peace.
But on the Sight of us your lawful King,
Who painfully with much expedient March,
Have brought a counter-check before your Gates,
To save unscratch'd your City's threatned Cheeks:
Behold the *French* aman'd vouchsafe a Parle;
And now instead of Bullets wrap'd in Fire,
To make a shaking Feaver in your Walls,
They shoot but calm Words, folded up in Smoak,
To make a faithless Error in your Ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd Spirits
Fore weary'd in this Action of swift Speed,
Craves Harbourage within your City Walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make Answer to us both:
Loe in this right Hand, whose Protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the Right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder Brother of this Man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden Equity, we tread
In warlike March, these Greens before your Town,
Being no further Enemy to you
Than the constraint of Hospitable Zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed Child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that Duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince;
And then our Arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
Save in Aspect, hath all Offence, seal'd up:
Our Cannons Malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable Clouds of Heav'n;
And with a blessed, and un-vext Retire,
With unhack'd Swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty Blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your Town,
And leave your Children, Wives, and you in Peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd Offer,

Tis

'Tis not the Rounder of your old-fac'd Walls
Can hide you from our Messengers of War;
Though all these English, and their Discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude Circumference:
Then tell us, shall your City call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the Signal to our Rage,
And stalk in Blood to our Possession?

Citi. In brief, we are the King of *England's* Subjects,
For him, and in his Right, we hold this Town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Citi. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove Loyal; 'till that time
Have we ramm'd up our Gates against the World.

K. John. Doth not the Crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand Hearts of *England's* Breed——

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verifie our Title with their Lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well born Bloods as those.

Bast. Some Bastards too.

K. Philip. Stand in his Face to contradict his Claim.

Citi. 'Till you compound whose Right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the Right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the Sin of all those Souls
That to their everlasting Residence,
Before the Dew of Evening fall, shall fleet
In dreadful Trial of our Kingdom's King.

K. Philip. Amen, Amen. Mount Chevaliers to Arms.

Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And e'er since sits on's Horseback at mine Hostess Door,
Teach us some Fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your Den, Sirrah, with your Lioness,
I would set an Ox-Head to your Lion's Hide,
And make a Monster of you. [*To Austria.*

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the Plain, where we'll set forth
In best Appointment, all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take Advantage of the Field.

K. Philip.

E. Philip. It shall be so; and at the other Hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our Right! [*Exeunt.*

Here, after Excursions, enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the Gates.

F. Her. You Men of *Angiers*, open wide your Gates,
And let young *Arthur*, Duke of *Bretagne*, in;
Who by the Hand of *France*, this Day hath made
Much Work for Tears in many an *English* Mother,
Whose Sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding Ground;
Many a Widow's Husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd Earth,
And Victory with little Loss doth play
Upon the dancing Banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd
To enter Conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England's* King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoyce, you Men of *Angiers*; ring your Bells;
King *John*, your King, and *England's*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious Day.
Their Armours, that march'd hence so Silver bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmans* Blood.
There stuck no Plume in any *English* Crest,
That is removed by a Staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in those same Hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And like a jolly Troop of Huntsmen come
Our lusty *English*, all with purpled Hands,
Dy'd in the dying Slaughter of their Foes.
Open your Gates, and give the Victors Way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our Towers, we might behold,
From first to last, the Onset and Retire
Of both your Armies, whose Equality
By our best Eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought Blood, and Blows have answer'd Blows;
Strength march'd with Strength, and Power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like; [Power.
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Town for neither; yet for both.

Enter

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at several Doors.

Say, shall the Current of our Right run on?
Whose Passage, vext with thy Impediment,
Shall leave his native Channel, and o'erswell
With Course disturb'd, even thy confining Shores;
Unless thou let his Silver Water keep
A peaceful Progress to the Ocean.

K. Philip. England, thou hast not sav'd one Drop of Blood
In this hot Trial, more than we of *France*;
Rather lost more. And by this Hand I swear,
That sways the Earth this Climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne Arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these Arms we bear,
Or add a Royal Number to the dead;
Gracing the Scroul that tells of this War's loss,
With Slaughter coupled to the Name of Kings.

Bast. Ha! Majesty, how high thy Glory towers,
When the rich Blood of Kings is set on Fire!
Oh now doth Death line his dead Chaps with Steel;
The Swords of Soldiers are his Teeth, his Phanges,
And now he feasts, mousing the Flesh of Men
In undetermin'd Differences of Kings.
Why stand these Royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry Havock, Kings, back to the stained Field
You equal Potents, fiery kindled Spirits;
Then let Confusion of one Part confirm
The other's Peace; 'till then, Blows, Blood, and Death.

K. John. Whose Party do the Townsmen yet admit?

K. Philip. Speak Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Citi. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great Deputy,
And bear Possession of our Person here,
Lord of our Presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Citi. A greater Power than we denies all this;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former Scruple in our strong barr'd Gates:
Kings of our Fear, untill our Fears resolv'd
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Bast.

Bast. By Heav'n, these Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you Kings,
And stand securely on their Battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes, and Acts of Death.
You Royal Prelates be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,
Be Friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of Malice on this Town:
By Land and Sea let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Cannon charged to the Mouths,
'Till their Soul-fearing Clamours have braul'd down
The flinty Ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play incessantly upon these Jades,
Even 'till unfenced Desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again.
Turn Face to Face, and bloody Point to Point;
Then in a Moment Fortune shall cull forth,
Out of one Side, her happy Minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the Day,
And kiss him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild Counsel, mighty States;
Smacks it not something of the Policy?

K. John. Now by the Sky that hangs above our Heads,
I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our Powers,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the Ground,
Then after fight who shall be King of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the Mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Town,
Turn thou the Mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy Walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the Ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our selves for Heav'n or Hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the West will send Destruction
Into this City's Bosom.

Aust. I from the North.

K. Philip.

K. Philip. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall rain their Drift of Bullets on this Town.
Bast. O prudent Discipline! From North to South,
Austria and France shoot in each other's Mouth.
I'll stir them to it; come away, away.
Cit. Hear us great Kings, vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you Peace, and fair-fac'd League.
Win you this City without Stroak or Wound;
Rescue those breathing Lives to die in Beds,
That here come Sacrifices for the Field;
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. John. Speak on; with Favour we are bent to hear.
Cit. That Daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England, look upon the Years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely Maid.
If lusty Love should go in quest of Beauty,
Where should he find it fairer, than in Blanch?
If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If Love ambitious, sought a Match of Birth,
Whose Veins bound richer Blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in Beauty, Virtue, Birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way compleat:
If not compleat of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name Want,
If Want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half Part of a blessed Man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided Excellence,
Whose fulness of Perfection lyes in him.
O two such Silver Currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the Banks that bound them in:
And two such Shores, to two such Streams made one,
Two such controlling Bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them:
This Union shall do more than Battery can,
To our fast closed Gates: For at this Match,
With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The Mouth of Passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this Match,

The

The Sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, Mountains and Rocks
More free from Motion, no not Death himself
In mortal Fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Lyst. Here's a Stay,
That shakes the rotten Carkass of old Death
Out of his Rags. Here's a large Mouth indeed,
That spits forth Death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As Maids of thirteen do of Puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this lusty Blood,
He speaks plain Cannon fire, and smoak, and bounce,
He gives the Bastinado with his Tongue:
Our Ears are cudgel'd, not a Word of his
But bussets better than a Fist of *France*;
Zounds I was never so bethumpt with Words,
Since I first call'd my Brother's Father Dad.

Eli. Son, list to this Conjunction, make this Match,
Give with our Neice a Dowry large enough;
For by this Knot, thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd Assurance to the Crown,
That yon green Boy shall have no Sun to ripe
The Bloom that promiseth a mighty Fruit:
I see a yielding in the Looks of *France*:
Mark how they whisper, urge them while their Souls
Are capable of this Ambition,
Lest Zeal now melted by the windy Breath
Of soft Petitions, Pity and Remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the Double Majesties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town?

K. Philip. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this City: What say you?

K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely Son,
Can in this Book of Beauty read I love;
Her Dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen,
For *Angiers*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we upon this side the Sea,
Except this City now by us besieg'd,

Find

Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her Bridal Bed, and make her rich
In Titles, Honours, and Promotions;
And she in Beauty, Education, Blood,
Holds Hands with any Princess of the World.

K. Philip. What say'st thou, Boy? Look in the Lady's Face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her Eye I find
A Wonder, or a wondrous Miracle,
The Shadow of my self form'd in her Eye,
Which being but the Shadow of your Son,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your Son a Shadow:
I do protest I never lov'd my self
Till now, infixed I beheld my self,
Drawn in the flattering Table of her Eye.

[*Whispering with* Blanch.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering Table of her Eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her Brow,
And quarter'd in her Heart, he doth espie
Himself Love's Traitor; this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there should be,
In such a Love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blanch. My Uncle's Will in this respect is mine.
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my Will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my Love.
Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthy Love,
Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish Thoughts themselves should be your Judge,
That I can find, should merit any Hate.

[Neice?

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my

Blanch. That she is bound in Honour still to do
What you in Wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

[Lady?

K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from Love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poyctiers*, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces

With

Command thy Son and Daughter to join Hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well; young Princes close your Hands.

Aust. And your Lips too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your Gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint *Mary's* Chappel presently,
The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Constance* in this Troop?
I know she is not, for this Match made up,
Her Presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her Son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your Highness Tent;

K. Philip. And by my Faith, this League that we have made
Will give her Sadness very little cure:
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This Widow Lady? In her Right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own Vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*, and this rich fair Town
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the Measure of her Will,
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her Exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared Pomp. [*Ex. all but* Bast.

Bast. Mad World, mad Kings, mad Composition;
John to stop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And *France*, whose Armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the Field,
As God's own Soldier, rounded in the Ear
With that same Purpose-changer, that sly Devil,

That

That Broker, that still breaks the Peace of Faith,
That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of Beggars, old Men, young Men, Maids,
Who having no external thing to lose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that,
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the Bias of the World,
The World, who of it self is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even Ground;
'Till this Advantage, this vile drawing Bias,
This sway of Motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
And this same Bias, this Commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all changing-world,
Clapt on the outward Eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable War,
To a most base and vile concluded Peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the Power to clutch my Hand,
When his fair Angels would salute my Palm,
But for my Hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor Beggar, raileth on the Rich.
Well, whiles I am a Beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no Sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my Virtue then shall be,
To say there is no Vice, but Beggary.
Since Kings break Faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my Lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit*.

Enter Constance, Arthur *and* Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be marry'd! Gone to swear a Peace!
False Blood to false Blood join'd! Gone to be Friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those Provinces?
It is not so, thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy Tale again,
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy Word
Is but the vain Breath of a common Man:

Believe

Believe me, I do not believe thee Man,
I have a King's Oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of Fears,
Oppress with Wrongs, and therefore full of Fears,
A Widow, husbandless, subject to Fears,
A Woman naturally born to Fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vext Spirits I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this Day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy Head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my Son?
What means that Hand upon that Breast of thine?
Why holds thine Eye that lamentable Rheum,
Like a proud River peering o'er his Bounds?
Be these sad Signs confirmers of thy Words?
Then speak again; not all thy former Tale,
But this one word, whether thy Tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to believe this Sorrow,
Teach thou this Sorrow how to make me die,
And let Belief and Life encounter so,
As doth the Fury of two desperate Men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry *Blanch!* O Boy, then where art thou?
France Friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone, I cannot brook thy sight;
This News hath made thee a most ugly Man.

Sal. What other Harm have I, good Lady, done,
But spoke the Harm that is by others done?

Const. Which Harm within it self so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, Madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slandrous to thy Mother's Womb,
Full of unpleasing Blots, and sightless Stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul Moles, and Eye-offending Marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,

For

For then I should not love thee: No, nor thou
Become thy great Birth, nor deserve a Crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear Boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's Gifts thou may'st with Lillies boast,
And with the half blown Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Sh' Adulterates hourly with thine Uncle *John*,
And with her golden Hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of Sovereignty,
And made his Majesty the Bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and King *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John*:
Tell me, thou Fellow, is not *France* forsworn?
Envenom him with Words, or get thee gone,
And leave these Woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my Sorrow to be proud,
For Grief is proud, and makes his Owner stoop;
To me and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings assemble: For my Grief's so great
That no Supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrows sit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Philip *the Bastard*, Austria, *and* Constance.

K. Philip. 'TIS true, fair Daughter; and this blessed Day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept Festival:
To solemnize this Day the glorious Sun
Stays in his Course, and plays the Alchymist,
Turning with splendour of his precious Eye

The

The meager cloddy Earth to glitt'ring Gold:
The yearly course that brings this Day about
Shall never see it, but a Holy-day.

Const. A wicked Day, and not a holy Day.
What hath this Day deserv'd? What hath it done,
That it in golden Letters should be set
Among the high Tides in the Kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this Day out of the Week,
This Day of Shame, Oppression, Perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let Wives with Child
Pray that their Burthens may not fall this Day,
Left that their Hopes prodigiously be croft:
But on this Day, let Seamen fear no Wrack,
No Bargains break that are not this Day made;
This Day all things begun come to ill End,
Yea, Faith it self, to hollow Falshood change.

K. Philip. By Heav'n, Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair Proceedings of this Day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn.
You came in Arms to spill my Enemies Blood,
But now in Arms, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling Vigour, and rough Frown of War
Is cold in Amity, and painted Peace,
And our Oppression hath made up this League:
Arm, Arm, you Heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings:
A Widow cries, be Husband to me, Heav'ns,
Let not the Hours of this ungodly Day
Wear out the Days in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed Discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh hear me!

Aust. Lady *Constance*, Peace.

Const. War, War, no Peace; Peace is to me a War:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody Spoil: Thou Slave, thou Wretch, thou Coward,
Thou little Valiant, great in Villany:
Thou ever strong upon the stronger Side;
Thou Fortune's Champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous Ladiſhip is by
To teach thee Safety; thou art perjur'd too,
And ſmoth'ſt up Greatneſs. What a Fool art thou,
A ramping Fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my Party; thou cold-blooded Slave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like Thunder on my ſide,
Been ſworn my Soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy Stars, thy Fortune, and thy Strength?
And doſt thee now fall over to my Foes?
Thou wear'ſt a Lion's Hide? Doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

Auſt. O that a Man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me.

Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, Villain, for thy Life.

Baſt. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of Heav'n;
To thee, King *John*, my holy Errand is;
I *Pandulph* of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his Name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our foreſaid holy Father's Name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John.* What earthy Name to Interrogatories
Can tax the Free-breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a Name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope:
Tell him this Tale, and from the Mouth of *England*,
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our Dominions:
But as we, under Heav'n, are ſupream Head,
So under it that great Supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold

Without

Without th' Assistance of a mortal Hand:
So fall the Pope, all Reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd Authority.

K. Philip. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the Curse that Money may buy out,
And, by the Merit of vile Gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted Pardon of a Man,
Who in that sale sells Pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,
This juggling Witch-craft with Revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his Friends my Foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful Power that I have,
Thou shalt stand Curst, and Excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an Heretick,
And meritorious shall that Hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret Course
Thy hateful Life.

Const. O lawful let it be
That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while.
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*
To my keen Curses; for without my Wrong
There is no Tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's Law and Warrant, Lady, for my Curse.

Const. And for mine too; when Law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that Law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law;
Therefore since Law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my Tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on Peril of a Curse,
Let go the Hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raise the Power of *France* upon his Head,
Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, *France*? Do not let go thy Hand.

Const. Look to that Devil, lest that *France* repent,

And by disjoining Hands, Hell lose a Soul.
Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.
Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant Limbs.
Aust. Well, Ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——
Bast. Your Breeches best may carry them.
K. John. *Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you Father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy Curse from *Rome*,
Or the light loss of *England* for a Friend;
Forgo the easier.
Blanch. That's the Curse of *Rome*.
Const. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the Devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed Bride.
Blanch. The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her Faith
But from her Need.
Const. Oh, if thou grant my Need,
Which only lives but by the Death of Faith,
That Need, must needs infer this Principle,
That Faith would live again by Death of Need:
O then tread down my Need, and Faith mounts up:
Keep my Need up, and Faith is trodden down.
K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O be remov'd from him; and answer well.
Aust. Do so, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin, most sweet Lout.
K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to say.
Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand Excommunicate, and Curst?
K. Philip. Good reverend Father, make my Person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self?
This Royal Hand and mine are newly knit,
And the Conjunction of our inward Souls
Marry'd in League, coupled and link'd together
With all religious Strength of sacred Vows:
The latest Breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep sworn Faith, Peace, Amity, true Love
Between our Kingdoms and our Royal selves.
And even before this Truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our Hands,
To clap this Royal Bargain up of Peace,
Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With Slaughter's Pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed Kings:
And shall these Hands, so lately purg'd of Blood,
So newly join'd in Love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seisure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with Faith? So jest with Heav'
Make such unconstant Children of our selves,
As now again to snatch our Palm from Palm?
Un-swear Faith sworn, and on the Marriage-bed
Of smiling Peace to march a bloody Hoast,
And make a Riot on the gentle Brow
Of true Sincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend Father, let it not be so;
But of your Grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle Order, and then we shall be blest
To do your Pleasure, and continue Friends.
Pand. All Form is formless, Order orderless,
Save what is opposite to *England*'s Love.
Therefore to Arms, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our Mother breathe her Curse,
A Mother's Curse, on her revolting Son.
France, thou may'st hold a Serpent by the Tongue,
A cased Lyon by the mortal Paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the Tooth,
Than keep in Peace that Hand which thou dost hold.
K. Philip. I may dis-join my Hand, but not my Faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou Faith an Enemy to Faith,
And like a Civil War set'st Oath to Oath,
Thy Tongue against thy Tongue. O let thy Vow
First made to Heav'n, first be to Heav'n perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church.
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self,
And may not be performed by thy self;
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The Truth is then most done, not doing it:

The better Act of Purpoſes miſtook,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet Indirection thereby grows direct,
And Falſhood Falſhood cures, as Fire cools Fire
Within the ſcorched Veins of one new burn'd.
It is Religion that doth make Vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt Religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an Oath the ſurety for thy Truth,
Againſt an Oath the Truth; thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a Mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear;
Therefore thy latter Vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelf Rebellion to thy ſelf:
And better Conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler Parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe Suggeſtions:
Upon which better Part, our Pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The Peril of our Curſes light on thee
So heavy as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But in Deſpair, dye under their black weight,

Auſt. Rebellion, flat Rebellion.

Baſt. Will't not be?

Will not a Calves-skin ſtop that Mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to Arms.

Blanch. Upon thy Wedding-day?
Againſt the Blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our Feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd Men?
Shall braying Trumpets, and loud churliſh Drums,
Clamours of Hell, be meaſures to our Pomp?
O Husband, hear me: Ay, alack, how new
Is Husband in my Mouth? Even for that Name
Which 'till this time my Tongue did ne'er pronounce;
Upon my Knee I beg, go not to Arms
Againſt mine Uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my Knee, made hard with kneeling,
I do pray to thee, thou virtuous *Dauphin*,

Alter

Alter not the Doom fore-thought by Heav'n.
Blanch. Now shall I see thy Love, what Motive may
Be stronger with thee than the Name of Wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds
His Honour. Oh thine Honour, *Lewis*, thine Honour.
Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound Respects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a Curse upon his Head. [thee.
K. Philip. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from
Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty.
Eli. O foul revolt of *French* Inconstancy. [Hour.
K. John. *France*, thou shalt rue this Hour within this
Bast. Old Time the Clock-Setter, that bald Sexton, Time,
Is it as he will? Well then, *France* shall rue.
Blanch. The Sun's o'ercast with Blood: Fair Day adieu.
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both, each Army hath a Hand,
And in their Rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:
Father, I may not wish the Fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy Wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured Loss, before the Match be play'd.
Lewis. Lady with me, with me thy Fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my Fortune lives, there my Life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our Puissance together.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming Wrath,
A Rage, whose heat hath this Condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but Blood,
The Blood and dearest valu'd Blood of *France*. [turn.
K. Philip. Thy Rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
To Ashes, ere our Blood shall quench that Fire:
Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats. To Arms let's hie.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's Head.

Baſt. Now by my Life, this Day grows wondrous hot,
Some airy Devil hovers in the Sky,
And pours down Miſchief. *Auſtria's* Head lie there,
Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.

K. John. Hubert, keep this Boy. *Philip*, make up;
My Mother is aſſailed in our Tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Baſt. My Lord, I reſcued her:
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not,
But on, my Liege, for very little Pains
Will bring this Labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *Baſtard*, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. John. So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad,
Thy Grandam loves thee, and thy Uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy Father was.

Arth. O this will make my Mother die with Grief.

K. John. Couſin, away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our coming ſee thou ſhake the Bags
Of hoarding Abbots, impriſoned Angels
Set at Liberty: the fat Ribs of Peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our Commiſſion in its utmoſt Force.

Baſt. Bell, Book, and Candle, ſhall not drive me back,
When Gold and Silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs: Grandam, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair Safety; ſo I kiſs your Hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle Couſin.

K. John. Coz, farewel.

Eli. Come hither little Kinſman, hark, a Word.

K. John. Come hither, *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this Wall of Fleſh

There

There is a Soul counts thee her Creditor,
And with Advantage means to pay thy Love:
And, my good Friend, thy voluntary Oath
Lives in this Boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy Hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By Heav'n, *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good Reſpect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.

K. John. Good Friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt have; and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay——but let it go:
The Sun is in the Heav'n, and the proud Day,
Attended with the Pleaſures of the World,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me Audience: If the midnight Bell
Did, with his Iron Tongue and brazen Mouth,
Sound on into the drowſie Race of Night;
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand Wrongs;
Or if that ſurly Spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy Blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the Veins,
Making that Idiot Laughter keep Mens Eyes,
And ſtrain their Cheeks to idle Merriment,
A Paſſion hateful to my Purpoſes;
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without Eyes,
Hear me without thine Ears, and make reply
Without a Tongue, uſing Conceit alone,
Without Eyes, Ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchful Day,
I would into thy Boſom pour my Thoughts:
But, ah, I will not——yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my Death were adjunct to my Act,
By Heav'n I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine Eye

On yon young Boy: I'll tell thee what, my Friend,
He is a very Serpent in my way,
And wherefoe'er this Foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me; dost thou understand me?
Thou art his Keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My Lord?
K. John. A Grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.
I'll send those Powers o'er to your Majesty.
Eli. My Blessing go with thee.
K. John. For *England*, Cousin, go.
Hubert shall be your Man, to attend on you
With all true Duty; on toward *Calais*, hoa. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. Philip. So by a roaring Tempest on the Flood,
A whole Armado of convicted Sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and Comfort, all shall yet go well.
K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?
Arthur ta'en Prisoner? Divers dear Friends slain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing Interruption, spight of *France*:
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a Speed, with such Advice dispos'd,
Such temperate Order in so fierce a Cause,
Doth want Example; who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-Action like to this?
K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this Praise,
So we could find some Pattern of our Shame.

Enter

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? A Grave unto a Soul,
Holding th'eternal Spirit against her Will,
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath;
I prithee, Lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now; now see the Issue of your Peace.

K. Phil. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I defie all Counsel, all Redress,
But that which ends all Counsel, true Redress;
Death, Death, oh amiable, lovely Death,
Thou odoriferous Stench; sound Rottenness,
Arise forth from the Couch of lasting Night,
Thou Hate and Terror to Prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable Bones;
And put my Eye-Balls in thy vaulty Brows,
And ring these Fingers with thy houshold Worms;
And stop this Gap of Breath with fulsom Dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy self;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy Wife; Misery's Love!
O come to me.

K. Philip. O fair Affliction, Peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having Breath to cry;
O that my Tongue were in the Thunder's Mouth,
Then with a Passion I would shake the World,
And rouze from Sleep that fell Anatomy
Which cannot hear a Lady's feeble Voice,
Which scorns a modest Invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter Madness, and not Sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad; this Hair I tear is mine,
My Name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey*'s Wife:
Young *Arthur* is my Son, and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to Heav'n I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my self.
O, if I could, what Grief should I forget!
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of Grief,
My reasonable Part produces Reason

How-

How I may be deliver'd of these Woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my self.
If I were mad, I should forget my Son,
Or madly think a Babe of Clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different Plague of each Calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up those Tresses; O what Love I note
In the fair multitude of those her Hairs;
Where but by chance a silver Drop hath fall'n,
Even to that Drop ten thousand wiery Friends
Do glew themselves in sociable Grief,
Like true, inseparable faithful Loves,
Sticking together in Calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.

K. Philip. Bind up your Hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their Bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these Hands could so redeem my Son,
As they have given these Hairs their Liberty;
But now I envy at their Liberty,
And will again commit them to their Bonds,
Because my poor Child is a Prisoner.
And Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our Friends in Heav'n;
If that be true, I shall see my Boy again.
For since the Birth of *Cain*, the first Male-Child,
To him that did but Yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious Creature born.
But now will Canker-Sorrow eat my Bud,
And chase the native Beauty from his Cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meagre as an Agues Fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of Heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too hainous a respect of Grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a Son.

K. Philip You are as fond of Grief, as of your Child.

Const. Grief fills the Room up of my absent Child:

Lyes

Lyes in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts;
Stuffs out his vacant Garments with his Form,
Then have I Reason to be fond of Grief.
Fare you well; had you such a Loss as I,
I could give better Comfort than you do.
I will not keep this Form upon my Head,
When there is such Disorder in my Wit.
O Lord, my Boy, my *Arthur*, my fair Son!
My Life, my Joy, my Food, my all the World,
My Widow-Comfort, and my Sorrow's Cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Philip*. I fear some Outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lewis. There's nothing in this World can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice told Tale,
Vexing the dull Ear of a drowsie Man;
A bitter Shame hath spoil'd the sweet Words taste,
That it yields nought but Shame and Bitterness,

Pand. Before the curing of a strong Disease,
Even in the Instant of repair and health,
The Fit is strongest: Evils that take Leave,
On their Departure, most of all shew evil.
What have you lost by losing of this Day?

Lewis. All Days of Glory, Joy, and Happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to Men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatning Eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his Prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your Mind is all as youthful as your Blood,
Now hear me speak with a prophetick Spirit;
For even the Breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each Dust, each Straw, each little rub
Out of the Path which shall directly lead
Thy Foot to *England*'s Throne: And therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whilst warm Life plays in that Infant's Veins,

The

The misplac'd *John* should ascertain an Hour,
A Minute, nay one quiet Breath of Rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Must be as boyst'rously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a slippery Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up.
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the Claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, Life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old World?
John lays you Plots; the Times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his Safety in true Blood,
Shall find but bloody Safety and untrue.
This Act so evilly born shall cool the Hearts
Of all his People, and freeze up their Zeal,
That none so small Advantage shall step forth
To check his Reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural Exhalation in the Sky,
No Scope of Nature, no distemper'd Day,
No common Wind, no customed Event,
But they will pluck away his natural Cause,
And call them Meteors, Prodigies, and Signs,
Abortives, Presages, and Tongues of Heav'n,
Plainly denouncing Vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be he will not touch young *Arthur's* Life,
But hold himself safe in his Prisonment.

Pand. O, Sir, when he shall hear of your Approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at this News he dies; and then the Hearts
Of all his People shall revolt from him,
And kiss the Lips of unacquainted Change,
And pick strong Matter of Revolt and Wrath,
Out of the bloody Fingers Ends of *John*.
Methinks I see this Hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The Bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the Church,

Offending

Offending Charity. If but a dozen *French*
Were there in Arms, they would be as a Call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
Or, as a little Snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King. 'tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their Discontent.
Now that their Souls are top full of Offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong Reason makes strong Actions, let us go;
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hubert *and Executioner.*

Hub. HEAT me these Irons hot, and look you stand
Within the Arras; when I strike my Foot
Upon the Bosom of the Ground, rush forth
And bind the Boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the Chair: Be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your Warrant will bear out the Deed!

Hub Uncleanly Scruples! fear not you; look to't.
Young Lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good Morrow, *Hubert.*

Hub. Good Morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little Prince, having so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me;
Methinks no Body should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young Gentlemen would be as sad as Night,
Only for Wantonness; by my Christendom,
So I were out of Prison, and kept Sheep,
I should be as merry as the Day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My

My Uncle practiſes more Harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my Fault that I was *Geffrey's* Son?
No indeed is't not, and I would to Heav'n
I were your Son, ſo you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his Innocent Prate
He will awake my Mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert*? you look pale to Day;
In ſooth I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all Night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His Words do take Poſſeſſion of my Boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*. [*Shewing a Paper.*
How now, fooliſh Rheume, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpitious Torture out of Door!
I muſt be brief, leſt Reſolution drop
Out at mine Eyes in tender Womaniſh Tears.——
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul Effect.
Muſt you with hot Irons burn out both mine Eyes?

Hub. Young Boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the Heart? When your Head did but ake,
I knit my Handkerchief about your Brows,
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my Hand, at Midnight held your Head;
And like the watchful Minutes, to the Hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy Time,
Saying, what lack you? and, where lyes your Grief?
Or what good Love may I perform for you?
Many a poor Man's Son would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving Word to you:
But you, at your ſick Service had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my Love was crafty Love,
And call it Cunning. Do, and if you will,
If Heav'n be pleas'd, that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine Eyes?

Theſe

These Eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot Irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this Iron Age would do it.
The Iron of it self, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these Eyes, would drink my Tears,
And quench its fiery Indignation,
Even in the Matter of mine Innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in Rust,
But for containing Fire to harm mine Eye.
Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angel should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine Eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no Tongue but *Hubert's*.
Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.
Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me! my Eyes are out
Even with the fierce Looks of these bloody Men.
Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heav'n sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound:
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these Men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a Word,
Nor look upon the Iron angerly:
Thrust but these Men away and I'll forgive you,
Whatever Torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a Deed.
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my Friend,
He hath a stern Look, but a gentle Heart;
Let him come back, that his Compassion may
Give Life to yours.
Hub. Come, Boy, prepare your self.
Arth. Is there no Remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your Eyes.
Arth. O Heav'n, that there were but a Moth in yours,
A Grain, a Dust, a Gnat, a wandring Hair,
Any Annoyance in that precious Sense:

Then

Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſterous there,
Your vile Intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your Tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the Utterance of a brace of Tongues,
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of Eyes:
Let me not hold my Tongue, let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my Tongue,
So I may keep mine Eyes. O ſpare mine Eyes,
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, Boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the Fire is dead with Grief.
Being create for Comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd Extreams; ſee elſe your ſelf,
There is no Malice in this burning Coal,
The Breath of Heav'n hath blown his Spirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant Aſhes on his Head.

Hub. But with my Breath I can revive it, Boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your Proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your Eyes;
And, like a Dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth ſet him on.
All things that you ſhould uſe to do me Wrong
Deny their Office; only you do lack
That Mercy which fierce Fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for Mercy, lacking Uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine Eye
For all the Treaſure that thine Uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron to burn them out.

Arth. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.

Hub. Peace: No more. Adieu,
Your Uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe Reports:
And, pretty Child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the Wealth of all the World,
Will not offend thee.

Arth.

Arth. O Heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much Danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful Eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The Faiths of Men, ne'er stained with Revolt:
Fresh Expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for Change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double Pomp,
To guard a Title that was rich before;
To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a Perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the Ice, or add another Hew
Unto the Rainbow, or with Taper-Light
To seek the beauteous Eye of Heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous Excess.
Pemb. But that your royal Pleasure must be done,
This Act is as an ancient Tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antick and well noted Face
Of plain old Form is much disfigured,
And like a shifted Wind unto a Sail,
It makes the Course of Thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights Consideration:
Makes sound Opinion sick, and Truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd Robe.
Pemb. When Workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their Skill in Covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a Fault,
Doth make the Fault the worse by the Excuse:
As Patches set upon a little Breach,

Discredit

Discredit more in hiding of the Fault,
Than did the Fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this Effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our Counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Do make a stand, at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some Reasons of this double Coronation
I have possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong the less that is my Fear,
I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your Requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of these,
To sound the Purposes of all their Hearts,
Both for my self, and them; but chief of all,
Your Safety; for the which, my self and them
Bend their best Studies; heartily request
The Infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose Restraint
Doth move the murmuring Lips of Discontent
To break into this dangerous Argument.
If what in Rest you have, in Right you hold,
Why then your Fears, which as they say, attend
The Steps of Wrong, should move you to mew up,
Your tender Kinsman, and to choke his Days
With barbarous Ignorance, and deny his Youth
The rich Advantage of good Exercise.
That the Times Enemies may not have this
To grace Occasions: Let it be our Suit,
That you have bid us ask, his Liberty,
Which for our Goods we do no further ask,
Than, whereupon our Weal on you depending,
Counts it your Weal he have his Liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his Youth
To your Direction. *Hubert*, what News with you?

Pemb. This is the Man should do the bloody Deed:
He shew'd his Warrant to a Friend of mine.
The Image of a wicked heinous Fault

Lives

Lives in his Eye; that close Aspect of his
Does shew the Mood of a much troubled Breast,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a Charge to do.

Sal. The Colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his Purpose and his Conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful Battels set:
His Passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul Corruption of a sweet Child's Death.

K. John. We cannot hold Mortality's strong Hand.
Good Lords, although my Will to give is living,
The Suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to Night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his Sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his Death he was,
Before the Child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn Brows on me?
Think you I bear the Shears of Destiny?
Have I Commandment on the Pulse of Life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your Game, and so farewel.

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' Inheritance of this poor Child,
His little Kingdom of a forced Grave.
That Blood which ow'd the Breath of all this Isle,
Three Foot of it doth hold; bad World the while,
This must not be thus born, this will break out
To all our Sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Messenger.

K. John. They burn in Indignation; I repent:
There is no sure Foundation set on Blood;
No certain Life atchiev'd by others Death. [*Aside.*
A fearful Eye thou hast; where is that Blood [*To the Mes.*
That I have seen inhabit in those Cheeks?
So foul a Sky clears not without a Storm;
Pour down thy Weather: How goes all in *France?*

Mes.

Mef. From *France* to *England* never such a Power,
For any Foreign Preparation,
Was levy'd in the Body of a Land.
The Copy of your Speed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The Tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. Oh where hath our Intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mother's Care?
That ſuch an Army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?
Mef. My Liege, her Ear
Is ſtopt with Duſt: The firſt of *April* dy'd
Your noble Mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a Frenzie dy'd
Three Days before; but this from Rumours Tongue
I idely heard; if true, or falſe, I know not.
K. John. With-hold thy Speed, dreadful Occaſion;
O make a League with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walks my Eſtate in *France*?
Under whoſe Conduct came thoſe Powers of *France*,
That thou for Truth giv'ſt out are landed here?
Mef. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Baſtard and Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill Tidings. Now, What ſays the World
To your Proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My Head with more ill News, for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your Head.
K. John. Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the Tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the Flood, and can give Audience
To any Tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the Clergy-men,
The Sums I have collected ſhall expreſs:
But as I travell'd hither through the Land,
I find the People ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with Rumours, full of idle Dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of Fear;

And

And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the Streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his Heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding Rhimes,
That ere the next *Ascension-Day* at Noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your Crown.

K. John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the Truth will fall out so,

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him,
And on that Day at Noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to Safety, and return,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cousin,
Hear'st thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The *French*, my Lord; Mens Mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Salisbury*,
With Eyes as red as new enkindled Fire,
And others more, going to seek the Grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to Night,
On your Suggestion.

K. John. Gentle Kinsman, go
And thrust thy self into their Companies.
I have a Way to win their Loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better Foot before.
O, let me have no Subjects Enemies,
When adverse Foreigners affright my Towns
With dreadful Pomp of stout Invasion.
Be *Mercury*, set Feathers to thy Heels,
And flie, like Thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The Spirit of the Time shall teach me Speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful Noble Gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some Messenger betwixt me and the Peers,
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my Heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My Mother dead!

Enter

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five Moons were ſeen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous Motion.

K. John. Five Moons?

Hub. Old Men and Beldams, in the Streets
Do Prophecie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s Death is common in their Mouths,
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their Heads,
And whiſper one another in the Ear.
And he that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's Wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful Action
With wrinkled Brows, with Nods, with rolling Eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his Hammer, thus,
The whilſt his Iron did on th' Anvil cool,
With open Mouth ſwallowing a Taylor's News;
Who with his Shears, and Meaſure in his Hand,
Standing on Slippers, which his nimble Haſte
Had falſly thruſt upon contrary Feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled, and rank'd in *Kent*,
Another lean, unwaſh'd Artificer,
Cuts off his Tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s Death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe Fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s Death?
Thy Hand hath murther'd him: I had a mighty Cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the Curſe of Kings, to be attended
By Slaves that take their Humours for a Warrant,
To break the bloody Houſe of Life,
And on the winking of Authority
To underſtand a Law; to know the Meaning
Of dangerous Majeſty, when perchance it frowns
More upon Humour, than adviſ'd Reſpect.

Hub. Here is your Hand and Seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the laſt Account 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this Hand and Seal
Witneſs againſt us to Damnation.

How

How oft the Sight of Means to do ill Deeds,
Make Deeds ill done? Hadst not thou been by,
A Fellow by the Hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a Deed of Shame,
This Murther had not come into my Mind.
But taking Note of thy abhorred Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody Villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in Danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s Death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Made it no Conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy Head, or made a Pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed:
Or turn'd an Eye of Doubt upon my Face;
As bid me tell my Tale in express Words,
Deep Shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy Fears might have wrought Fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my Signs,
And didst in Signs again parley with Sin,
Yea, without stop did'st let thy Heart consent,
And consequently thy rude Hand, to act
The Deed, which both our Tongues held vile to name.
Out of my Sight, and never see me more.
My Nobles leave me, and my State is brav'd,
Even at my Gates, with Ranks of foreign Powers;
Nay, in the Body of this fleshly Land,
This Kingdom, this Confine of Blood and Breath,
Hostility and civil Tumult reigns,
Between my Conscience, and my Cousin's Death.

Hub. Arm you against your other Enemies,
I'll make a Peace between your Soul, and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: This Hand of mine
Is yet a Maiden, and an innocent Hand,
Not painted with the Crimson Spots of Blood:
Within this Bosom, never entred yet
The dreadful Motion of a murderous Thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my Form,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the Cover of a fairer Mind,
Than to be Butcher of an innocent Child.

K. John. Doth [illegible]
Throw this Report on their incens'd Rage,
And make them tame to their Obedience!
Forgive the Comment that my Passion made
Upon thy Feature, for my Rage was blind,
And foul Imaginary Eyes of Blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my Closet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient Haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: Run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls.*

Arth. The Wall is high, and yet will I leap down!
Good Ground be pitiful, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-Boy's Semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my Limbs,
I'll find a thousand Shifts to get away;
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me, my Uncle's Spirit is in these Stones:
Heav'n take my Soul, and *England* take my Bones. [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury*;
It is our Safety, and we must embrace
This gentle Offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble Lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dauphin's* Love,
Is much more general than these Lines import.

Bigot. To Morrow Morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long Days Journey, Lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to Day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your Presence straight.

Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained Cloke

With

With our pure Honours, nor attend the Feet
That leaves the Print of Blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so, We know the worst.

Bast. What-e'er you think, good Words I think were best.

Sal. Our Griefs, and not our Manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little Reason in your Grief,
Therefore 'twere Reason you had Manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, Impatience hath his Privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his Master, no Man else.

Sal. This is the Prison: What is he lyes here?

Pemb. Oh Death, made proud with pure and princely Beauty:
The Earth had not a hole to hide this Deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on Revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this Beauty to the Grave,
Found it too precious princely for a Grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? Could Thought, without this Object,
Form such another? This is the very Top,
The Heighth, the Creft, or Creft unto the Creft
Of Murder's Arms; this is the bloodiest Shame,
The wildest Savagery, the vilest Stroak,
That ever wall-ey'd Wrath, or staring Rage
Presented to the Tears of soft Remorse.

Pemb. All Murders past, do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a Holiness, a Purity,
To the yet unbegotten Sin of times;
And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a Jest,
Exampled by this heinous Spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody Work,
The graceless Action of a heavy Hand,
If that it be the Work of any Hand.

Sal. If that it be the Work of any Hand?
We had a kind of Light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful Work of *Hubert*'s Hand,
The Practice, and the Purpose of the King:
From whose Obedience I forbid my Soul,

Kneeling before this Ruin of sweet Life,
And breathing to this breathless Excellence,
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Never to taste the Pleasures of the World,
Never to be infected with Delight,
Nor conversant with Ease and Idleness,
Till I have set a Glory to this Hand,
By giving it the Worship of Revenge.
Pemb. *Big.* Our Souls religiously confirm thy Words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at Death;
Avant thou hateful Villain, get thee gone.
Hub. I am no Villain.
Sal. Must I rob the Law?
Bast. Your Sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a Murderer's Skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say,
By Heav'n, I think my Sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget your self,
Nor tempt the Danger of my true Defence;
Lest I, by marking of your Rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatness, and Nobility.
Bigot. Out Dunghil, dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my Life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent Life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none. Whose Tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lyes.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the Peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
Bast. Thou wert better gaul the Devil, *Salisbury*.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy Foot,
Or teach thy hasty Spleen to do me Shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy Sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you, and your tossing-Iron,
That you shall think the Devil is come from Hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villain, and a Murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an Hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My Date of Life out, for his sweet Life's Loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning Waters of his Eyes,
For Villany is not without such Rheume;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like Rivers of Remorse and Innocency.
Away with me, all you whose Souls abhor
Th' uncleanly Savour of a Slaughter-House,
For I am stifled with the Smell of Sin.

Bigot. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good World; knew you of this fair Work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless Reach of Mercy
(If thou didst this Deed of Death) art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Bast. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a Fiend of Hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this Child.

Hub. Upon my Soul.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel Act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest Thread
That ever Spider twisted from her Womb
Will serve to strangle thee: A Rush will be a Beam
To hang thee on: Or would'st thou drown thy self,
Put but a little Water in a Spoon,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a Villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in Act, Consent, or Sin of Thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet Breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous Clay,

Let Hell want Pains enough to torture me,
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine Arms.
I am amaz'd methinks, and lose my Way
Among the Thorns and Dangers of this World.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up,
From forth this Morſel of dead Royalty?
The Life, the Right, and Truth of all this Realm
Is fled to Heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' Teeth
The unowed Intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt Bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged War briſtle his angry Creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle Eyes of Peace:
Now Powers from home, and Diſcontents at home
Meet in one Line: and vaſt Confuſion waits,
As doth a Raven on a ſick-fallen Beaſt,
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp:
Now happy he, whoſe Cloak and Center can
Hold out this Tempeſt. Bear away that Child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand Buſineſſes are brief at Hand,
And Heav'n it ſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. John. THUS I have yielded up into your Hand
The Circle of my Glory.

Pand. Take again
From this my Hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your Soveraign Greatneſs and Authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy Word, go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your Power
To ſtop their Marches 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt,
Our People quarrel with Obedience,

Swearing

Swearing Allegiance, and the love of Soul
To stranger-Blood, to foreign Royalty;
This Inundation of distemper'd Humour,
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present Time's so sick,
That present Med'cine must be minister'd,
Or Overthrow incurably insues.

Pand. It was my Breath that blew this Tempest up,
Upon your stubborn Usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle Convertite,
My Tongue shall hush again this Storm of War,
And make fair Weather in your blustring Land.
On this *Ascension-Day*, remember well,
Upon your Oath of Service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their Arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this *Ascension-Day*? Did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Ascension-Day* at Noon,
My Crown I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on Constraint,
But, Heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind Host, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer Service to your Enemy;
And wild Amazement hurries up and down
The little Number of your doubtful Friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the Streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewel of Life
By some damn'd Hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That Villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my Soul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in Act, as you have been in Thought:
Let not the World see Fear and sad Distrust
Govern the Motion of a Kingly Eye;
Be stirring as the time, be Fire with Fire;

Threaten the Threatner, and out-face the Brow
Of bragging Horror: So shall inferior Eyes,
That borrow their Behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your Example, and put on
The dauntless Spirit of Resolution.
Away, and glister like the God of War
When he intendeth to become the Field;
Shew Boldness and aspiring Confidence.
What, shall they seek the Lion in his Den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: Forage, and run
To meet Displeasure farther from the Doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy Peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious League:
Shall we upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-Orders and make Compromise,
Insinuation, Parly, and base Truce
To Arms invasive? Shall a beardless Boy,
A cockred silken Wanton brave our Fields,
And flesh his Spirit in a war-like Soil,
Mocking the Air with Colours idely spread,
And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to Arms:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your Peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good Courage; yet I know
Our Party may well meet a prouder Foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter, in Arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:

Re-

Return the President to these Lords again,
That having our fair Order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these Notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,
And keep our Faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary Zeal, and an un-urg'd Faith
To your Proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a Sore of Time
Should seek a Plaister by contemn'd Revolt,
And heal the inveterate Canker of one Wound,
By making many: Oh it grieves my Soul,
That I must draw this Metal from my Side
To be a Widow-maker: Oh, and there
Where honourable Rescue, and Defence,
Cries out upon the Name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the Infection of the time,
That for the Health and Physick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very Hand
Of stern Injustice, and confused Wrongs.
And is't not Pity, oh my grieved Friends,
That we, the Sons and Children of this Isle,
Were born to see so bad an Hour as this,
Wherein we step after a Stranger, march
Upon her gentle Bosom, and fill up
Her Enemies Ranks? I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced Cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here:
What here? O Nation that thou couldst remove;
That *Neptune*'s Arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan Shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The Blood of Malice, in a vein of League,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble Temper dost thou shew in this,
And great Affections wrestling in thy Bosom
Doth make an Earthquake of Nobility.

Oh what a noble Combat hast thou fought,
Between Compulsion, and a brave Respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable Dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy Cheeks:
My Heart hath melted at a Lady's Tears,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this Effusion of such Manly Drops,
This Shower blown up by tempest of the Soul,
Startles mine Eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of Heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy Brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great Heart heave away this Storm:
Commend these Waters to those Baby-Eyes
That never saw the Giant World enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at Feasts,
Full warm of Blood, of Mirth, of Gossipping,
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy Hand as deep
Into the Purse of rich Prosperity
As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
That knit your Sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks an Angel spake,
Look where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us Warrant from the Hand of Heav'n,
And on our Actions set the Name of Right
With holy Breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France*.
The next in this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himself to *Rome*, his Spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
That great Metropolis and See of *Rome*:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the Savage Spirit of wild War,
That like a Lion fostered up at Hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at Controul,

Or useful Serving-man, and Instrument
To any Soveraign State throughout the World!
Your Breath first kindled the dead Coal of Wars
Between this chastis'd Kingdom and my self,
And brought in Matter that should feed this Fire:
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak Wind which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with Interest to this Land,
Yea thrust this Enterprize into my Heart,
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His Peace with *Rome*? What is that Peace to me?
I, by the Honour of my Marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine;
And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
Because that *John* hath made his Peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Rome*'s Slave? What Penny hath *Rome* born?
What Men provided? What Munition sent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I,
That under-go this Charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this Business, and maintain this War?
Have I not heard these Islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Towns?
Have I not here the best Cards for the Game
To win this easie Match, plaid for a Crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, no, on my Soul it shall never be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this Work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
Till my Attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample Hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of War,
And cull'd these fiery Spirits from the World,
To out-look Conquest, and to win Renown
Even in the Jaws of Danger, and of Death. [*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the World,
Let me have Audience: I am sent to speak:

My

My holy Lord of *Milain*, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you answer, I do know the Scope
And warrant limited unto my Tongue.
Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,
And will not temporize with my Entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his Arms.
Bast. By all the Blood that ever Fury breath'd,
The Youth says well. Now hear our *English* King,
For thus his Royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepar'd, and Reason too he should.
This apish and unmannerly Approach,
This harnes'd Mask, and unadvised Revel,
This unheard Sawcineſs and boyish Troops,
The King doth smile at, and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish War, these Pigmy Arms
From out the Circle of his Territories.
That Hand which had the strength, even at your Door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crouch in Litter of your Stable Planks,
To lye like Pawns, lock'd up in Chests and Trunks;
To herd with Swine, to seek sweet Safety out
In Vaults and Prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of our Nation's Crow,
Thinking his Voice an armed *English* Man;
Shall that victorious Hand be feebled here,
That in your Chambers gave you Chastisement?
No; know the gallant Monarch is in Arms,
And like an Eagle, o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To souse Annoiance that comes near his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's* ripping up the Womb
Of your dear Mother-*England*, blush for shame:
For your own Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after Drums:
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.
Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy Face in Peace,

We

We grant thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well!
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a Babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Baſt. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the Drums, and let the Tongue of War
Plead for our Interest, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed your Drums being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An eccho with the Clamour of thy Drum,
And even at hand, a Drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, raſtle the Welkin's Ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd Thunder; for at hand,
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his Forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd Death, whoſe Office is this Day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our Drums, to find this Danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. John. How goes the Day with us? Oh tell me, *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. John. This Feaver that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my Heart is ſick.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your valiant Kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the Field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward *Swinſted*, to the Abby there.

Meſſ. Be of good Comfort: For the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three Nights ago on *Goodwin* Sands.

This

This News was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ay me, this Tyrant Feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good News.
Set on toward *Swinsted*; to my Litter straight,
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with Friends.
Pemb. Up once again, put Spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That mis-begotten Devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the Day.
Pemb. They say King *John* sore sick hath left the Field.

Enter Melun wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other Names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.
Sal. Wounded to Death.
Melun. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold,
Unthread the rude Eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded Faith,
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his Feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud Day,
He means to recompence the Pains you take,
By cutting off your Heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the Altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.
Sal. May this be possible! May this be true?
Melun. Have I not hideous Death within my View,
Retaining but a quantity of Life,
Which bleeds away, even as a Form of Wax
Resolveth from his Figure 'gainst the Fire?
What in the World should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all Deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true

That

That I must die here, and live hence, by Truth?
I say again, if *Lewis* do win the Day,
He is forsworn if e'er those Eyes of yours
Behold another Day break in the East:
But even this Night, whose black contagious Breath
Already smeaks about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,
Even this ill Night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the Fine of rated Treachery
Even with a treacherous Fine of all your Lives;
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the Day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The Love of him, and this Respect besides,
For that my Grandsire was an *Englishman*,
Awakes my Conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may think the remnant of my Thoughts
In peace; and part this Body and my Soul,
With Contemplation, and devout Desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my Soul,
But I do love the Favour, and the Form
Of this most fair Occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaving our Rankness, and irregular Course,
Stoop low within those Bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in Obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My Arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel Pangs of Death
Right in thine Eye. Away, my Friends, new flight,
And happy Newness that intends old Right. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE V.

Enter Lewis *and his Train*,

Lewis. The Sun of Heav'n, methought, was loth to set;
But staid, and made the Western Welkin blush,
When th' *English* measure backward their own Ground

In

In faint Retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needless Shot,
After such bloody Toil, we bid good Night,
And wound our tott'ring Colours clearly up,
Last in the Field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin*?
Lewis. Here, what News?
Mess. The Count *Melun* is slain; the *English* Lords
By his Perswasion are at length fall'n off,
And your Supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk on *Goodwin* Sands.
Lewis. Ah foul shrewd News. Befirew thy very Heart;
I did not think to be so sad to Night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did fly an Hour or two before
The stumbling Night did part our weary Powers?
Mess. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my Lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good Quarter, and good care to Night,
The Day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair Adventure of to-Morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Bastard and Hubert *severally.*

Hub. Who's there? Speak, hoa, speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A Friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England*.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine Affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Bast. *Hubert*, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect Thought:
I will upon all Hazards well believe
Thou art my Friend, that know'st my Tongue so well:
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt; and if thou please
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub.

Bast. Unkind Remembrance; thou, and endless Night,
Have done me shame; brave Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy Tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine Ear.
Bast. Come, come; *fans complement*, what News abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black Brow of Night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief then: and what's the News?
Hub. O my sweet Sir, News fitting to the Night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Shew me the very Wound of this ill News,
I am no Woman, I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The King I fear is poison'd by a Monk,
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this Evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?
Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a resolved Villain,
Whose Bowels suddenly burst out; the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? The Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their Company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.
Bast. With-hold thine Indignation, mighty Heav'n,
And tempt us not to bear above our Power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my Power this Night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These *Lincoln*-Washes have devoured them;
My self, well mounted, have escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. It is too late, the Life of all his Blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure Brain,

Which

Which some suppose the Soul's frail dwelling House,
Doth, by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of Mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open Air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell Poison which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the Orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of Sickness! fierce Extreams
In their continuance will not fell themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward Parts
Leaves them invisible, and his Siege is now
Against the Mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many Legions of strange Fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that Death should sing:
I am the Cygnet to this pale faint Swan;
Who chaunts a doleful Hymn to his own Death,
And from the Organ-pipe of Frailty sings
His Soul and Body to their lasting Rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To set a Form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. John. I marry now my Soul hath Elbow-room,
It would not out at Windows, nor at Doors,
There is so hot a Summer in my Bosom,
That all my Bowels crumble up to Dust:
I am a scribled Form drawn with a Pen,
Upon a Parchment, and against this Fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill Fare: Dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his Icy Fingers in my Maw;
Nor let my Kingdoms Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd Bosom: Nor intreat the North

To

To make this bleak Winde kiss my parched Lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold Comfort; and you are so ſtraight
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.
Henry. O that there were ſome Virtue in my Teares
That might relieve you.
K. John. The Salt of them is hot.
Within me is a Hell, and there the Poiſon
Is, as a Fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreevable condemned Blood.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent Motion,
And Spleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.
K. John. Oh Couſin, thou art come to ſet mine Eye:
The tackle of my Heart is crackt and burnt,
And turned to one Thread, one little Hair:
My Heart hath one poor String to ſtay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy Newes be uttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a Clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.
Baſt. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Were Heav'n he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a Night the beſt Part of my Power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Waſhes all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected Flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breath theſe dead Newes in as dead an Ear:
My Liege, my Lord; but now a King, now thus.
Henry. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the World, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind
To do the Office for thee, of Revenge,
And then my Soul ſhall wait on thee to Heav'n,
As it on Earth hath been thy Servant ſtill.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your Powers? Shew now your mended Faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh Deſtruction, and perpetual Shame
Out of the weak Door of our fainting Land;

Straight

Straight let us sack, or straight we shall be sought,
The *Dauphin* rages at our very Heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*,
And brings from him such Offers of our Peace,
As we with Honour and Respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this War.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinewed to our Defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the Sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your self, my self, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this Afternoon will post,
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your Father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his Body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal State, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all Submission on my Knee,
I do bequeath my faithful Services,
And true Subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our Love we make,
To rest without a Spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind Soul that would give you Thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with Tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the Time but needful Wo,
Since it hath been before-hand with our Griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud Foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now, these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three Corners of the World in Arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Lud. Du Guernier inv.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF King *Richard* II.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Richard the Second.

Duke of York,
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } Uncles to the King.

Bullingbroke, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry the Fourth.

Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury,

Bushy,
Bagot, } Servants to King Richard.
Green,

Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, Son to Northumberland,
Ross,
Willoughby, } Friends to Bullingbroke.

Bishop of Carlisle,
Sir Stephen Scroop, } Friends to King Richard.

Fitzwater,
Surry,
Abbot of Westminster, } Lords in the Parliament.

Sir Pierce of Exton.

Queen to King Richard.
Dutchess of Gloucester.
Dutchess of York.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger and other Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

THE LIFE and DEATH OF King *Richard* II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

KING RICHARD.

OLD *John* of *Gaunt*, time honour'd *Lancaster*,
Haſt thou, according to thy Oath and Bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold Son,
Here to make good the boiſterous late Appeal,
Which then our Leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,

If

If he appeal the Duke on ancient Malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject should
On some known ground of Treachery in him?
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that Argument,
On some apparent Danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness, no inveterate Malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our Presence, Face to Face,
And frowning Brow to Brow, our selves will hear
Th' Accuser, and the Accused freely speak:
High stomach'd are they both, and full of Ire,
In Rage, deaf as the Sea, hasty as Fire.
Enter Bullingbroke and Mowbray.
Bolling. Many Years of happy Days befal
My gracious Soveraign, my most loving Liege.
Mowb. Each Day still better others Happiness;
Until the Heav'ns envying Earth's good Hap,
Add an immortal Title to your Crown.
K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the Cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high Treason.
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*
Bolling. First Heav'n be the Record to my Speech,
In the Devotions of a Subject's Love,
Tendring the precious Safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten Hate,
Come I Appellant to this Princely Presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My Body shall make good upon this Earth,
Or my divine Soul answer it in Heav'n.
Thou art a Traitor and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
Since the more fair and crystal is the Sky,
The uglier seem the Clouds that in it fly:
Once more, the more to aggrave the Note,
With a foul Traitor's Name stuff I thy Throat,
And wish, so please my Soveraign, ere I move,
What my Tongue speaks, my right drawn Sword may prove.
Mowb. Let not my cool Words here accuse my Zeal;
'Tis

The dreadful Trial of a Woman's War,
The bitter Clamour of two eager Tongues,
Can arbitrate this Cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame Patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First the fair Reverence of your Highness curbs me,
From giving Reins and Spurs to my free Speech,
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These Terms of Treason doubly down his Throat.
Setting aside his high Blood's Royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen Ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other Ground inhabitable,
Where-ever *Englishman* durst set his Foot;
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty,
By all my Hopes most falsly doth he lie.

Bolling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage,
Disclaiming here the Kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high Blood's Royalty,
Which Fear, not Reverence, makes thee to except;
If guilty Dread hath left thee so much Strength,
As to take up mine Honour's Pawn, then stoop.
By that, and all the Rights of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee Arm to Arm,
What have I spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I swear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my Shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair Degree,
Or Chivalrous design of knightly Trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjustly fight.

K. Rich. What doth our Cousin lay to *Mowbray*'s Charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a Thought of Ill in him.

Bolling. Look what I said, my Life shall prove it true,

That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
In name of Lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd Imployments;
Like a false Traitor and injurious Villain;
Besides, I say, and will in battel prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest Verge
That ever was survey'd by *English* Eye;
That all the Treasons for these eighteen Years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetch from false-*Mowbray* their first Head and Spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester*'s Death,
Suggest his soon believing Adversaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent Soul through Streams of Blood;
Which Blood, like sacrificing *Abel*'s, cries,
Even from the tongueless Caverns of the Earth,
To me for Justice, and rough Chastisement;
And by the glorious worth of my Descent,
This Arm shall do it, or this Life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his Resolution soars.
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O let my Soveraign turn away his Face,
And bid his Ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this Slander of his Blood,
How God and good Men hate so foul a Liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our Eyes and Ears,
Were he my Brother, nay, our Kingdom's Heir,
As he is but my Father's Brother's Son;
Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a Vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred Blood,
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping Firmness of my upright Soul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,
Free Speech and fearless I to thee allow,

Mowb. Then, *Bullingbroke*, as low as to thy Heart,
Through the false Passage of thy Throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Callice*

Di-

Disbursd I to his Higness Soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my Soveraign Liege was in my Debt,
Upon remainder of a dear Account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen:
Now swallow down that Lie. For *Glencester's* Death,
I slew him not, but to mine own Disgrace,
Neglected my sworn Duty in that Case.
For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable Father to my Foe,
Once I did lay an Ambush for your Life,
A Trespass that doth vex my grieved Soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's Pardon; and I hope I had i
This is my Fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the Rancor of a Villain;
A Recreant and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my self I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my Gage
Upon this overweening Traitor's Foot,
To prove my self a loyal Gentleman,
Even in the best Blood chamber'd in his Bosom.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our Trial-Day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting Blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physician.
Deep Malice makes too deep Incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a Make-peace shall become my Age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* Gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When *Harry*, when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My self I throw, dread Soveraign, at thy Foot.

My Life thou shalt command, but not my Shame,
The one my Duty owes; but my fair Name,
Despight of Death that lives upon my Grave,
To dark Dishonours use, thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the Soul, with Slanders venom'd Spear,
The which no Blame can cure, but his Heart Blood
Which breath'd this Poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his Gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his Spots: Take but my Shame;
And I resign my Gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The purest Treasures mortal times afford,
Is spotless Reputation; that away,
Men are but guilded Loam, or painted Clay.
A Jewel in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a Loyal Breast,
Mine Honour is my Life; both grow in one;
Take Honour from me, and my Life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine Honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your Gage; do you begin.

Bolling. Oh Heav'n defend my Soul from such foul Sin.
Shall I seem Crest-fal'n in my Father's Sight,
Or with pale beggar'd Fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd Bastard? Ere my Tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble Wrong,
Or sound so base a Parle, my Teeth shall tear
The slavish Motive of recanting Fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high Disgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* Face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you Friends,
Be ready, as your Lives shall answer it,
At *Coventry*, upon Saint *Lambert's* Day;
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling Difference of your settled Hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice decide the Victor's Chivalry.

Lord

Lord Marshal, command our Officers at Arms,
Be ready to direct these home Alarms. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Gaunt *and Duchess of* Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glo'ster's* Blood,
Doth more solicit me than your Exclaims,
To stir against the Butchers of his Life.
But since Correction lyeth in those Hands
Which made the Fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of Heav'n;
Who when they see the Hours ripe on Earth,
Will rain hot Vengeance on Offenders Heads.

Duch. Finds Brotherhood in thee no sharper Spur?
Hath Love in thy old Blood no living Fire?
Edward's seven Sons, whereof thy self art one,
Were as seven Vials of his sacred Blood;
Or seven fair Branches springing from one Root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by Nature's Course;
Some of those Branches by the Destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my Life, my *Glo'ster*;
One Vial full of *Edward's* sacred Blood,
One flourishing Branch of his most Royal Root;
Is crack'd, and all the precious Liquor spilt;
Is hackt down, and his Summer Leaves all faded
By Envy's Hand, and Murder's Bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*! his Blood was thine; that Bed, that Womb,
That Mettle, that self-Mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a Man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large Measure to thy Father's Death;
In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the Model of thy Father's Life.
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Despair;
In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked Pathway to thy Life,
Teaching stern Murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean Men, we entitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardise in noble Breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own Life,
The best way is to venge my *Glo'ster*'s Death.
Gaunt. Heav'n's is the Quarrel; for Heav'n's Substitute,
His Deputy anointed in his Sight,
Hath caus'd his Death; the which if wrongfully
Let Heav'n revenge, for I may never lift
An angry Arm against his Minister.
Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?
Gaunt. To Heav'n, the Widow's Champion and Defence.
Dutch. Why then I will: Farewel, old *Gaunt*;
Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O sit my Husband's Wrongs on *Hereford*'s Spear,
That it may enter Butcher *Mowbray*'s Breast:
Or if Misfortune miss the first Career,
Be *Mowbray*'s Sins so heavy in his Bosom,
That they may break his foaming Courser's Back,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiff recreant to my Cousin *Hereford*.
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy sometimes Brother's Wife
With her Companion Grief, must end her Life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewel; I must to *Coventry*.
As much Good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; Grief boundeth where it falls
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my Leave, before I have begun;
For Sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my Brother, *Edward York*.
Lo, this is all; nay yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go:
I shall remember more. Bid him——oh, what
With all good Speed at *Plashie* visit me.
Alack, and what should good old *York* there see
But empty Lodgings, and unfurnish'd Walls,
Un-peopled Offices, untrodden Stones?
And what hear there for Welcome, but my Groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek out Sorrow that dwells every where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die;
The last Leave of thee, takes my weeping Eye. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all Points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summons of the Appealant's Trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's Approach. [*Flourish.*

Enter King Richard, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, *and others; then* Mowbray *in Armour, and an Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder Champion
The Cause of his Arrival here in Arms;
Ask him his Name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the Justice of his Cause.

Mar. In God's Name and the King's, say who thou art? [*To Mowb.*
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in Arms?
Against what Man thou com'st, and what's thy Quarrel;
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And so defend thee Heaven, and thy Valour.

Mowb. My Name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come, engaged by my Oath,
Which Heav'n defend a Knight should violate,
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding Issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the Grace of God, and this mine Arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Bullingbroke, *and an Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder Knight in Arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in Habiliments of War:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the Justice of his Cause.

Mar. What is thy Name and wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King *Richard*, in his Royal Lists? [*To Bulling.*

Againſt whom com'ſt thou? And what's thy Quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heav'n.

Bulling. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in Arms,
To prove, by Heav'n's Grace, and my Body's Valour,
In Liſts on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a Traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of Heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n.

Mar. On Pain of Death, no Perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair Deſigns.

Bulling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's Hand,
And bow my Knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelf are like two Men
That vow a long and weary Pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave
And loving Farewel of our ſeveral Friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highneſs,
[*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiſs your Hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our Arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy Cauſe is juſt,
So be thy Fortune in this Royal Fight;
Farewel, my Blood, which if to Day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not Revenge thee dead.

Bulling. Oh let no noble Eye prophane a Tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* Spear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a Bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Couſin, Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſick, although I have to do with Death,
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing Breath.
Lo, as at *Engliſh* Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the Earthy Author of my Blood,
Whoſe youthful Spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold Vigour lift me up

To reach at Victory above my Head,
Add proof unto mine Armour with thy Prayers,
And with thy Blessings steel my Lance's Point,
That it may enter Mowbray's Waxen Coat,
And furnish new the Name of John a Gaunt
Even in the lusty Haviour of his Son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like Lightning in the Execution,
And let thy Blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing Thunder on the Casque
Of thy amaz'd pernicious Enemy.
Rouse up thy youthful Blood, be valiant, and live.

Bulling. Mine Innocence, and St. *George* to thrive.

Mowb. However Heav'n or Fortune cast my Lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard's* Throne,
A loyal, just and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captain with a freer Heart
Cast off his Chains of Bondage, and embrace
His Golden uncontroul'd Enfranchisement,
More than my dancing Soul doth celebrate
This feast of Battel, with mine Adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my Companion Peers,
Take from my Mouth the wish of happy Years;
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet Breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my Lord, securely I espy
Virtue with Valour, couched in thine Eye.
Order the Trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of *Hereford, Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Receive thy Launce, and Heav'n defend thy Right.

Bulling. Strong as a Tower, in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this Launce to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*

1 *Her. Harry* of *Hereford, Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Soveraign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soveraign, and to him disloyal:
Courageously, and with a free Desire,
Attending but the Signal to begin. [*A Charge sounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,
And both return back to their Chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flourish.*
Draw near, and list
What with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's Earth should not be soil'd
With that dear Blood which it hath fostered,
And for our Eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil Wounds plough'd up with Neighbours Swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd Drums,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful Iron Arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our Kindreds Blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin *Hereford*, upon pain of Death,
'Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our Fields,
Shall not regreet our fair Dominions,
But tread the stranger Paths of Banishment.
Bulling. Your Will be done: This must my Comfort be,
That Sun that warms you here, shall shine on me:
And those his golden Beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Banishment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The sly slow Hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear Exile:
The hopeless Word, of never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of Life.
Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my most Soveraign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness Mouth:

A dearer Merit, not ſo deep a Maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common Air.
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs Hands.
The Language I have learn'd theſe forty Years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forgo,
And now my Tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed Viol, or a Harp,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument caſ'd up,
Or being open, put into his Hands
That knows no touch to tune the Harmony.
Within my Mouth you have engoal'd my Tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my Teeth and Lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance,
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a Nurſe,
Too far in Years to be a Pupil now:
What is thy Sentence then, but ſpeechleſs Death,
Which robs my Tongue from breathing native Breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our Sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's Light,
To dwell in ſolemn Shades of endleſs Night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take a Oath with ye.
Lay on our Royal Sword your baniſh'd Hands;
Swear by the Duty that you owe to Heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves,)
To keep the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, ſo help you Truth, and Heav'n,
Embrace each others Love in Baniſhment,
Nor ever look upon each others Face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring Tempeſt of your home-bred Hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Bulling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Bulling. Norfolk, ſo far as to mine Enemy,
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our Souls had wandred in the Air,

Baniſh'd

Banish'd this frail Sepulchre of our Flesh,
As now our Flesh is banish'd from this Land:
Confess thy Treason, ere thou fly this Realm,
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging Burthen of a guilty Soul.

Mowb. No, Bullingbroke; if ever I were Traitor,
My Name be blotted from the Book of Life,
And I from Heav'n banish'd as from hence;
But what thou art, Heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray,
Save back to England; all the World's my way. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the Glasses of thine Eyes
I see thy grieved Heart; thy sad Aspect,
Hath from the Number of his banish'd Years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen Winters spent,
Return with welcome home from Banishment.

Bolling. How long a time lies in one little Word:
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a Word, such is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I think my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four Years of my Son's Exile:
But little Vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six Years that he hath to spend,
Can change the Moons, and bring their times about,
My Oyl-dry'd Lamp, and time-bewasted Light,
Shall be extinct with Age, and endless Night:
My inch of Taper will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my Son.

K. Rich. Why Uncle? Thou hast many Years to live.

Gaunt. But not a Minute, King, that thou canst give;
Shorten my Days thou canst with sudden Sorrow,
And pluck Nights from me, but not lend a Morrow:
Thou canst help Time to furrow me with Age,
But stop no Wrinkle in his Pilgrimage:
Thy Word is currant with him, for my Death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my Breath.

K. Rich. Thy Son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy Tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our Justice seem'st thou then to low'r?

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sowr;
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling Tongue,
Against my Will, to do my self this Wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewel; and, Uncle, bid him so:
Six Years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Exit,*
Flourish.

Aum. Cousin, farewel; what Presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let Paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as Land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy Words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy Friends?

Bolling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the Tongue's Office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the Heart.

Gaunt. Thy Grief is but thy Absence for a time.

Bolling. Joy absent, Grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six Winters? they are quickly gone.

Bolling. To Men in Joy; but Grief makes one Hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a Travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bolling. My Heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen Passage of thy weary Steps
Esteem a Soil, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewel of thy home return.

Bolling. Oh who can hold a Fire in his Hand
By thinking on the Frosty *Caucasus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of Appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?
Or wallow naked in *December* Snow
By thinking on fantastick Summer's Heat?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell Sorrow's Tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the Sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my Son, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy Youth, and Cause, I would not ſtay.

Bulling. Then England's Ground farewel, ſweet Soil adieu,
My Mother and my Nurſe, which bears me yet:
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Green, *and* Bagot.

K. Rich. We did obſerve. Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting Tears were ſhed?

Aum. Faith none by me; except the North-Eaſt Wind,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our Face,
Awak'd the ſleepy Rheume, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a Tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid our Couſin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel; and for my Heart diſdained that my Tongue
Should ſo profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit Oppreſſion of ſuch Grief,
That word ſeem buried in my Sorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word Farewel had lengthen'd Hours,
And added Years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a Volume of Farewels;
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our Couſin, Couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from Baniſhment,
Whether our Kinſman come to ſee his Friends.
Our ſelf, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common People:
How he did ſeem dive into their Hearts,
With humble, and familiar Courteſie,
What Reverence he did throw away on Slaves;
Wooing poor Crafts-men with the craft of Souls,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects with him.

Off

Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the Tribute of his supple Knee,
With Thanks, my Countrymen, my loving Friends;
As were our *England* in Reversion his,
And he our Subjects next Degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these Thoughts.
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient manage must be made, my Liege,
Ere further leisure yield the further means
For their Advantage, and your Highness loss.

K. Rich. We will our self in Person to this War;
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our Royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our Affairs in hand; if they come short,
Our Substitutes at home shall have blank Charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what Men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large Sums of Gold,
And send them after to supply our Wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. What News?

Bushy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is very sick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste
To intreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lyes he?

Bushy. At *Ely-house*.

K. Rich. Now put it, Heav'n, in his Physician's Mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his Coffers shall make Coats
To deck our Soldiers for these *Irish* Wars.
Come, Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray Heav'n we may make haste, and come too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.

Gaunt. WILL the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesom Counsel to his unstaid Youth?
York. Vex not your self, nor strive not with your Breath,
For all in vain comes Counsel to his Ear.
Gaunt. Oh but, they say, the Tongues of dying Men
Inforce Attention like deep Harmony:
Where Words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breath Truth, that breath their Words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Than they whom Youth and Ease have taught to glose;
More are Mens Ends markt than their Lives before,
The setting Sun, and Musick in the close;
As the last taste of Sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
Though *Richard* my Life's Counsel would not hear,
My Death's sad Tale may yet undeaf his Ear.
York. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring Sounds,
As praises of his State; then there are found
Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open Ears of Youth doth always listen,
Report of Fashions in proud *Italy*,
Whose Manners still our tardy apish Nation
Limps after in base Imitation.
Where doth the World thrust forth a Vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their Ears?
That all too late comes Counsel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with Wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse,
'Tis Breath thou lack'st, and that Breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His rash fierce Blaze of Riot cannot last;
For violent Fires soon burn out themselves.

Small

And Blossoms last long, but sudden Storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the Feeder;
Light Vanity, insatiate Cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.
This Royal Throne of Kings, this sceptr'd Isle,
This Earth of Majesty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy Paradise,
This Fortress built by Nature for her self,
Against Infection, and the Hand of War;
This happy Breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Silver Sea,
Which serves it in the Office of a Wall,
Or as a Moat defensive to a House,
Against the Envy of less happier Lands,
This blessed Plot, this Earth, this Realm, this *England*,
This Nurse, this teeming Womb of Royal Kings,
Fear'd for their Breed, and famous for their Birth,
Renowned for their Deeds, as far from home,
For Christian Service, and true Chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Jury
Of the World's Ransom, blessed *Mary*'s Son;
This Land of such dear Souls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her Reputation through the World,
Is now Leas'd out, I dye pronouncing it,
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farm;
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with Shame,
With Inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds,
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of it self.
Ah! would the Scandal vanish with my Life,
How happy then were my ensuing Death!

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his Youth;
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble Uncle, *Lancaster*?

K. Rich. What Comfort, Man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Oh how that Name befits my Compoſition!
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me Grief hath kept a tedious Faſt,
And who abſtains from Meat, that is not gaunt;
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watche,
Watching breeds Leanneſs, Leanneſs is all gaunt;
The Pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict Faſt, I mean my Childrens Looks,
And therein faſting haſt thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whoſe hollow Womb inherits nought but Bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick Men play ſo nicely with their Names?

Gaunt. No, Miſery makes Sport to mock it ſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my Name in me,
I mock my Name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying Men flatter thoſe that live?

Gaunt. No, no, Men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich. Thou now a dying, ſay'ſt thou flatter'ſt me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.
Thy Death-bed is no leſſer than the Land,
Wherein thou lieſt in Reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs Patient as thou art,
Committ'ſt thy anointed Body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand Flatterers ſit within thy Crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy Hand,
And yet ingaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy Land.
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophet's Eye,
Seen how his Son's Son ſhould deſtroy his Sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy Shame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelf.
Why, Couſin, wert thou Regent of the World,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by Leaſe:
But for thy World enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than Shame, to ſhame it ſo?

Landlord

Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlave to the Law,
And ——

K. Rich. And thou, a Lunatick lean-witted Fool,
Preſuming on an Agues privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen Admonition
Make pale our Cheek, chaſing the Royal Blood
With Fury, from his Native Reſidence:
Now by my Seat's right Royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edward's* Son,
This Tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy Head,
Should run thy Head from thy unreverent Shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not, my Brother *Edward's* Son,
For that I was his Father *Edward's* Son:
That Blood already, like the Pelican,
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My Brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well meaning Soul,
Whom fair befal in Heav'n 'mongſt happy Souls,
May be a Preſident and Witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward's* Blood;
Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy Unkindneſs be like crooked Age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd Flower.
Live in thy Shame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter thy Tormentors be.
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that Love and Honour have. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that Age and Sullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty impute his Words
To wayward ſicklineſs, and Age in him:
He loves you on my Life, and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford's* Love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſay's he?

North. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His Tongue is now a ſtringleſs Inſtrument,
Words,

Words, Life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so.
Though Death be poor, it ends a mortal Woe.

K. Rich. The ripest Fruit first falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our Pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Wars,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like Venom, where no Venom else
But only they, have Privilege to live.
And for these great Affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our Assistance, we do seize to us
The Plate, Coin, Revenues, and Moveables,
Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender Duty make me suffer Wrong?
Not *Glo'ster's* Death, not *Hereford's* Banishment,
Nor *Gaunt's* Rebukes, nor *England's* private Wrongs;
Nor the Prevention of poor *Bullingbroke*,
About his Marriage, nor my own Disgrace,
Have ever made me sowre my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Sovereign's Face.
I am the last of noble *Edward's* Sons,
Of whom thy Father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
In War was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In Peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
His Face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the Number of thy Hours:
But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
And not against his Friends: His noble Hand
Did win what he did spend; and spent not that
Which his triumphant Father's Hand had won.
His Hands were guilty of no Kindreds Blood,
But bloody with the Enemies of his Kin;
Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with Grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why Uncle, what's the matter?

York. Oh, my Liege, pardon me if you please; if not,
I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your Hands

The

The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an Heir?
Is not his Heir a well-deserving Son?
Take *Hereford*'s Rights away, and take from Time
His Charters, and his customary Rights.
Let not to Morrow then ensue to Day,
Be not thy self. For how art thou a King
But by fair Sequence and Succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford*'s Right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath,
By his Attorneys-General, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd Homage,
You pluck a thousand Dangers on your Head,
You lose a thousand well disposed Hearts,
And prick my tender Patience to those Thoughts
Which Honour and Allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our Hands,
His Plate, his Goods, his Mony, and his Lands.

York. I'll not be by the while; My Liege, farewel:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad Courses may be understood,
That their Events can never fall our good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earl of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,
To see this Business done: To morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow;
And we create, in absence of our self,
Our Uncle *York* Lord Governor of *England*:
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on our Queen, to morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Ross.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his Son is Duke.

Willo. Barely in Title, not in Revenue.

North. Richly in both, if Justice had her Right.

Ross.

Ross. My Heart is great; but it must break with Silence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a liberal Tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy Mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy Words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be so, out with it boldly, Man:
Quick is mine Ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimony.
North. Now afore Heav'n, it's Shame such Wrongs are born,
In him a Royal Prince, and many more,
Of noble Blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By Flatterers; and what they will inform
Meerly in Hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our Lives, our Children, and our Heirs.
Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And quite lost their Hearts; the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient Quarrels, and quite lost their Hearts.
Willo. And daily new Exactions are devis'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'God's Name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon Compromise,
That which his Ancestors atchiev'd with Blows:
More hath he spent in Peace, than they in Wars.
Ross. The Earl of *Wiltshire* hath the Realm in Farm.
Willo. The King's grown Bankrupt, like a broken Man.
North. Reproach and Dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not Mony for these *Irish* Wars,
His Burthenous Taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.
North. His noble Kinsman —— most degenerate King!
But Lords, we hear this fearful Tempest sing,
Yet seek no Shelter to avoid the Storm:
We see the Wind sit sore upon our Sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross.

Ross. We see the very Wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoided is the Danger now,
For suffering so the Causes of our Wreck.
North. Not so: Even through the hollow Eyes of Death
I spie Life peering; but I dare not say
How near the Tidings of our Comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy Thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*,
We three are but thy self, and speaking so,
Thy Words are but as Thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*,
A Bay in *Britain*, receiv'd Intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His Brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainston*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britain*,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand Men of War,
Are making hither with all due Expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our Northern Shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish Yoak,
Imp out our drooping Country's broken Wing,
Redeem from broken Pawn the blemish'd Crown,
Wipe off the Dust that hides our Scepter's Gilt,
And make high Majesty look like it self,
Away with me in haste to *Ravenspurg*;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my self will go,
Ross. To Horse, to Horse; urge Doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my Horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside self-harming Heaviness,

And

And [illegible] a cheerful Disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self
I cannot do it; yet I know no Cause
Why I should welcome such a Guest as Grief,
Save bidding farewel to so sweet a Guest
As my sweet Richard; yet again methinks
Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Is coming toward me, and my inward Soul
With nothing trembles; at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Bushy. Each Substance of a Grief hath twenty Shadows,
Which shews like Grief it self, but is not so:
For Sorrow's Eye, glazed with blinding Tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many Objects,
Like Perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but Confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish Form: So your sweet Majesty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's Departure,
Find Shapes of Grief, more than himself to wail,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but Shadows
Of what it is not; then thrice gracious Queen,
More than your Lord's Departure weep not, more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false Sorrow's Eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward Soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: How-e'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As though on thinking on no Thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; Conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father Grief, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something Grief;
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in Reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot Name, 'tis nameless Wo I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty, and well met Gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen.

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his Deſigns crave haſte, good Hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſlipt?

Green. That he, our Hope, might have retir'd his Power,
And driven into deſpair an Enemies Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The banish'd *Bullingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with up-lifted Arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg*.

Queen. Now God in Heav'n forbid.

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The Lord *Northumberland*, his young Son *Henry Percy*,
The Lords of *Roſs*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerful Friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And the reſt of that revolted Faction, Traitors?

Green. We have: Whereupon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his Staff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And all the Houſhold Servants fled with him to *Bullingbroke*.

Queen. So *Green*, thou art the Midwife of my Woe,
And *Bullingbroke* my Sorrow's diſmal Heir:
Now hath my Soul brought forth her Prodigy,
And I a gaſping new delivered Mother,
Have Wo to Wo, Sorrow to Sorrow join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening Hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper back of Death,
Who gently would diſſolve the Bands of Life,
Which falſe Hopes linger in Extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Queen. With Signs of War about his aged Neck,
Oh full of careful Buſineſs are his Looks:
Uncle, for Heav'n's ſake ſpeak comfortable Words.

York. Comfort's in Heav'n, and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care and Grief;
Your Husband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.

Here am I left to underprop his Land;
Who, weak with Age, cannot support my self.
Now comes his sick Hour that his Surfeit made,
Now shall he try his Friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Son was gone before I came.

York. He was; why so, go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s side.
Sirrah, get thee to *Plashie*, to my Sister *Gloster*;
Bid her send me presently a thousand Pound:
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to Day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, Knave?

Serv. An Hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his Mercy, what a Tide of Woes
Come rushing on this woful Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to Heav'n,
So my Untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The King had cut off my Head with my Brother's.
What, are there Posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?
How shall we do for Mony for these Wars?
Come Sister, (Cousin, I would say,) pray pardon me.
Go Fellow, get thee home, provide some Carts, [*To the Servant.*
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muster Men?
If I know how, or which way to order these Affairs
Thus disorderly thrust into my Hands,
Never believe me. Both are my Kinsmen;
Th' one is my Soveraign, whom both my Oath
And Duty bids defend; th' other again
Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right:
Well, somewhat we must do: Come, Cousin,
I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your Men
And meet me presently at *Barkley* Castle:
I should to *Plashie* too, but time will not permit;
All is uneven, and every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen
Busby

Bushy. The Wind sits fair for News to go to *Ireland*;
But none returns; for us to levy Power
Proportionable to th' Enemy, is all impossible.
Green. Besides, our Nearness to the King in love,
Is near the Hate of those love not the King.
Bagot. And that's the wavering Commons, for their Love
Lies in their Purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their Hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If Judgment lye in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the King.
Green. Well; I will for Refuge streight to *Bristol* Castle,
The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little Office
Will the hateful Commons perform for us,
Except like Curs, to tear us all in Pieces:
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
Farewel: If Hearts Presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as *York* thrives to beat back *Bullingbroke*.
Green. Alas poor Duke, the Task he undertakes
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.
Bushy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Bullingbroke, *and* Northumberland.

Bulling. How far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now?
North. Believe me, noble Lord,
I am Stranger here in *Glo'stershire*.
These high wild Hills, and rough uneven Ways,
Draw out our Miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet our fair Discourse hath been as Sugar,
Making the hard Way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary Way

From *Ravenspurg* to *Cottshold* will be found,
In *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company,
Which I protest hath very much beguil'd
The Tediousness and Process of my Travel:
But theirs is sweetned with the Hope to have
The present Benefit that I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in Joy,
Than Hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your noble Company.

Bulling. Of much less Value is my Company,
Than your good Words: But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my Son, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whencesoever,
Harry, how fares your Uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
Health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staff of Office, and disperst
The Houshold of the King.

North. What was his Reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor;
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenspurg*,
To offer Service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And sent me over by *Barkley*, to discover
What Power the Duke of *York* had levy'd there,
Then with Direction to repair to *Ravenspurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, Boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my Knowledge,
I never in my Life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my Service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder Days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved Service and Desert.

Bulling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure

I count my self in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soul remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It shall be still thy true Love's Recompence.
My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what stir
Keeps good old *York* there with his Men of War?

Percy. There stands the Castle by yond Tuft of Trees,
Manned with three hundred Men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *York*, *Barkley* and *Seymour*;
None else of Name, and noble Estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bulling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot your Love pursues
A banisht Traitor; all my Treasury
Is yet but unfelt Thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your Love and Labours Recompence.

Ross. Your Presence makes us rich, most noble Lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our Labour to attain it.

Bulling. Evermore Thanks, th' Exchequer of the poor,
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to Years,
Stands for my Bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guess.

Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my Message is to you.

Bulling. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seek that Name in *England*,
And I must find that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take Advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native Peace, with self-born Arms.

Enter York.

Bulling. I shall not need transport my Words by you.
Here comes his Grace in Person. My noble Uncle. [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whose Duty is deceivable and false.

Bulling. My gracious Uncle.

York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,
I am no Traitor's Uncle; and that Word Grace,
In an ungracious Mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legs,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of *England's* Ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many Miles upon her peaceful Bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with War,
And Ostentation of despised Arms?
Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Bosom lyes his Power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot Youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my self
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of Men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh then, how quickly should this Arm of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister Correction to thy Fault.

Bulling. My gracious Uncle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross Rebellion, and detested Treason;
Thou art a banish'd Man, and here art come
Before the Expiration of thy time,
In braving Arms against thy Soveraign.

Bulling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And, noble Uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my Wrongs with an indifferent Eye:
You are my Father, for methinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my Arms perforce, and given away
To upstart Unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my Cousin King, be King of *England*,

It

It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.
You have a Son, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinsman,
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denyd to sue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Father's Goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all, are all amiss imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law; Attorneys are depy'd me,
And therefore personally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base Men by his Endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cousin's Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his Way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him Aid,
And let him ne'er see Joy that breaks that Oath.

York. Well, well, I see the Issue of these Arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my Power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me Life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the Sovereign Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as Neuter. So fare you well.
Unless you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bulling. An Offer, Uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your Grace to go with us

To *Briſtow-Caſtle*, which they ſay is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillars of the Commoon-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you, but yet I'll pauſe,
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are.
Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt Care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have ſtaid ten Days,
And hardly kept your Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no Tidings from the King:
Therefore we all diſperſe our ſelves: Farewel.
Salis. Stay yet another Day, thou truſty *Welchman*,
The King repoſeth all his Truſt in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay,
The Bay-Trees in our Country are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heav'n;
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whiſper fearful Change;
Rich Men look ſad, and Ruffians dance and leap;
The one in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage and War:
Theſe Signs forerun the Death of Kings.
Farewel; our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Salis. Ah *Richard*, with Eyes of heavy Mind,
I ſee thy Glory like a ſhooting Star,
Fall to the baſe Earth from the Firmament:
Thy Sun ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Storms to come, Wo, and Unreſt:
Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
And croſſly to thy good, all Fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Bullingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

Bulling. BRing forth theſe Men:
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your Souls,
Since preſently your Souls muſt part your Bodies,
With too much urging your pernicious Lives,
For 'twere no Charity; yet to waſh your Blood
From off my Hands, here in the View of Men,
I will unfold ſome Cauſes of your Deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood and Lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your ſinful Hours
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queen and him,
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's Cheeks
With Tears drawn from her Eyes, with your foul Wrongs.
My ſelf a Prince, by Fortune of my Birth,
Near to the King in Blood, and near in Love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my Neck under your Injuries,
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* Breath in foreign Clouds,
Eating the bitter Bread of Baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seigniories,
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my Foreſt Woods;
From mine own Windows torn my Houſhold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſs, leaving me no Sign,
Save Mens Opinions, and my living Blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the Death: See them deliver'd over
To Execution, and the Hand of Death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the Stroak of Death to me,
Than *Bullingbroke* to *England*.

Green. My Comfort is, that Heav'n will take our Souls,

And plague Injuſtice with the Pains of Hell.

Bulling. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your Houſe;
For Heav'ns ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With Letters of your Love to her at large.

Bulling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: Come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendower*, and his Complices;
A while to work, and after Holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Flouriſh: Drums, and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, *Aumerle, Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly-Caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my Lord; how brooks your Grace the Air,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?

K. Rich Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for Joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my Hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes Hoofs:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her Tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee Favour with my Royal Hands.
Feed not thy Soveraign's Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweets comfort his ravenous Senſe;
But let thy Spiders that ſuck up thy Venom,
And heavy-gaited Toads lie in their way,
Doing Annoyance do the treacherous Feet,
Which with uſurping Steps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Boſom pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prithee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double Tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw Death upon thy Soveraign's Enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs Conjuration, Lords;

This

This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellious Arms.

Bish. Fear not, my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath Power to keep you King, in spight of all.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst *Bullingbroke*, through their Security,
Grows strong and great, in Substance and in Friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, know'st thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heav'n is hid,
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Thieves and Robbers range abroad unseen,
In Murders, and in Outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terrestrial Ball
He fires the proud Tops of the Eastern Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty Hole;
Then Murders, Treasons, and detested Sins,
The Cloak of Night being pluck'd from off their Backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thief, this Traitor *Bullingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will set blushing in his Face,
Not able to endure the Sight of Day;
But self-affrighted, tremble at his Sin.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balm from an anointed King;
The Breath of worldly Men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every Man that *Bullingbroke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steel against our Golden Crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if Angels fight,
Weak Men must fall, for Heav'n still guards the Right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lies your Power?

Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak Arm; Discomfort guides my Tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but Despair:
One Day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,

Hath

Hath clouded all my happy Days on Earth:
Oh call back Yesterday, bid Time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting Men:
To Day, to Day, unhappy Day too late
O'erthrows thy Joys, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the *Welshmen* hearing thou were dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbroke*, dispers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the Blood of twenty thousand Men
Did triumph in my Face, and they are fled;
And 'till so much Blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All Souls that will be safe, fly from my Side,
For Time hath set a Blot upon my Pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the King's Name, forty thousand Names?
Arm, arm my Name; a puny Subject strikes
At thy great Glory. Look not to the Ground,
Ye Favourites of a King; are we not high?
High be our Thoughts: I know my Uncle *York*
Hath Power enough to serve our Turn.
But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More Health and Happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd Tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine Ear is open, and my Heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly Loss, thou canst unfold:
Say, is my Kingdom lost? Why 'twas my Care:
And what Loss is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his Fellow so.
Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Wo, Destruction, Ruin, Loss, Decay;
The worst is Death, and Death will have his Day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the Tidings of Calamity.

Like

Like an unseasonable stormy Day,
Which makes the silver Rivers drown their Shores,
As if the World were all dissolv'd to Tears:
So high above his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbroke*, covering your fearful Land
With hard bright Steel, and Hearts harder than Steel.
White Beards have arm'd their thin and hairless Scalps
Against thy Majesty, and Boys with Womens Voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female Joints
In stiff unwieldy Arms, against thy Crown;
The very Beadsmen learn to bend their Bows
Of double fatal Yew, against thy State;
Yea distaff Women manage rusty Bills;
Against thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have Power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tellst a Tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? Where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushy*? Where is *Green*?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peaceful Steps?
If we prevail, their Heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made Peace with *Bullingbroke*.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. Rich. O Villains, Vipers, damn'd without Redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any Man,
Snakes in my Heart-blood warm'd, that sting my Heart,
Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!
Would they make Peace? Terrible Hell make War
Upon their spotted Souls for this Offence.

Scroop. Sweet Love, I see, changing his Property,
Turns to the sowrest and most deadly Hate:
Again uncurse their Souls; their Peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: Those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of Death's destroying Hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow Ground.

Aum. Is *Bushy*, *Green*, and the Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristow* lost their Heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father, with his Power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of Comfort no Man speak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,

Make

Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes
Write Sorrow in the Bosom of the Earth?
Let's chuse Executors, and talk of Wills:
And yet not so——for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed Bodies to the Ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Bullingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but Death,
And that small Model of the barren Earth,
Which serves as Paste, and cover to our Bones.
For Heav'ns sake let us sit upon the Ground,
And tell sad Stories of the Death of Kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in War:
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd.——For within the hollow Crown,
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King.
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp,
Allowing him a Breath, a little Scene
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with Looks,
Infusing him with self and vain Conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brass impregnable: And humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pin
Boars through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.
Cover your Heads, and mock not Flesh and Blood
With solemn Reverence: Throw away Respect,
Tradition, Form, and ceremonious Duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with Bread like you, feel Want,
Taste Grief, need Friends; subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise Men ne'er wail their present Woes,
But presently prevent the Ways to wail:
To fear the Foe, since Fear oppresseth Strength,
Gives, in your Weakness, Strength unto your Foe;
Fear, and be slain, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is Death destroying Death.
Where fearing, dying, pays Death servile Breath.

Aum.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: Proud *Bullingbroke*, I come
To change Blows with thee, for our Day of Doom;
This Ague-fit of Fear is over-blown,
An eaſie Task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our Uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly Man, although thy Looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the Complexion of the Sky,
The State and Inclination of the Day;
So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken,
Your Uncle *York* is join'd with *Bullingbroke*,
And all your northern Caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern Gentlemen in Arms
Upon his Faction.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what Comfort have we now?
By Heav'n I'll hate him everlaſtingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-Caſtle*, there I'll pine away,
A King, Wo's Slave, ſhall kingly Wo obey:
That Power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em go
To ear the Land, that hath ſome Hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no Man ſpeak again
To alter this, for Counſel is but in vain.

Aum. My Liege, one Word.

K. Rich. He does me double Wrong,
That wounds me with the Flatteries of his Tongue.
Diſcharge my Followers: let them hence away,
From *Richard*'s Night, to *Bullingbroke*'s fair Day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Bulling. So that by this Intelligence we learn
The *Welshmen* are dispersed, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private Friends upon this Coast.
North. The News is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard not far from hence, hath hid his Head.
York. It would beseem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*: Alack the heavy Day,
When such a sacred King should hide his Head.
North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, your whole Head's length.
Bulling. Mistake not, Uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good Cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake; the Heav'ns are o'er your Head.
Bulling. I know it, Uncle, and oppose not my self
Against their Will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*; what, will not this Castle yield?
Percy. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy Entrance.
Bulling. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the Limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a Clergy-man
Of holy Reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of *Carlisle*.
Bulling. Noble Lord, [To North.
Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle

Into

Into his ruin'd Ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbroke upon his Knees doth kiss
King Richard's Hand, and sends Allegiance
And true Faith of Heart to his Royal Person; hither comes
Even at his Feet, to lay my Arms and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the Advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summer's Dust with Showers of Blood,
Rain'd from the Wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*;
The which, how far off from the Mind of *Bullingbroke*
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh green Lap of fair King *Richard's* Land,
My stooping Duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march
Upon the grassie Carpet of this Plain;
Let's march without the Noise of threatning Drum,
That from this Castle's tatter'd Battlements
Our fair Appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
With no less Terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring Smoak
At meeting tears the cloudy Cheeks of Heav'n:
Be he the Fire, I'll be the yielding Water:
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I rain
My Waters; on the Earth, and not on him,
March on and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and Answer within; then a Flourish. Enter on the Walls, King Richard, *the Bishop of* Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himself appear
As doth the blushing discontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dim his Glory, and to stain the Tract
Of his bright Passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King; behold his Eye
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majesty; alack, alack, for Wo,
That any Harm should stain so fair a Show.

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy Knee, [*To North.*
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy Joints forget
To pay the awful Duty to our Preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip;
For well we know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their Souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his Clouds on our behalf,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſal Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bullingbroke*, for yond methinks he is,
That every Stride he makes upon the Land
Is dangerous Treaſon, he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown he looks for, live in Peace,
Ten thouſand bloody Crowns of Mothers Sons
Shall ill become the Flower of *England*'s Face,
Change the Complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſs with faithful *Engliſh* Blood.

North. The King of Heav'n forbid, our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil Arms
Be ruſh'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy Hand,
And by the honourable Tomb he ſwears
That ſtands upon your Royal Grandfire's Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head;
And by the bury'd Hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,

His

His coming hither hath no farther Scope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his Knees:
Which on thy Royal Party granted once,
His glitt'ring Arms he will commend to Ruſt;
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his Heart
To faithful Service of your Majeſty:
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus the King returns;
His noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the Number of his fair Demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without Contradiction;
With all the gracious Utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle Hearing kind commends,
We do debaſe our ſelf, Couſin, do we not, [*To Aum.*
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle Words,
'Till time lend Friends, and Friends their hopeful Swords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God that e'er this Tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud Man, ſhould take it off again
With Words of ſooth; oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or leſſer than my Name;
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now.
Swell'ſt thou, proud Heart? I'll give thee Scope to beat,
Since Foes have Scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bullingbroke*.

K. Rich. What muſt the King do now? Muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o'God's Name let it go.
I'll give my Jewels for a Set of Beads;
My gorgeous Palace, for a Hermitage;
My gay Apparel, for an Alms-man's Gown;
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood;
My Scepter, for a Palmer's walking Staff;

My

My Subjects, for a Pair of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave,
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's Highway,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects Feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's Head;
For on my Heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And bury'd once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender hearted Cousin,
We'll make foul Weather with despised Tears.
Our Sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corn,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some pretty Match with shedding Tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one Place,
'Till they have fretted us a Pair of Graves,
Within the Earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two Kinsmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What says King *Bullingbroke*? Will his Majesty
Give *Richard* leave to live, 'till *Richard* die?
You make a Leg, and *Bullingbroke* says I.

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speak with you, may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the Manage of unruly Jades.
In the base Court? base Court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traitors Calls, and do them Grace.
In the base Court come down; down Court, down King,
For Night-Owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing.

Bulling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart
Makes him speak fondly like a frantick Man;
Yet he is come.

Bulling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair Duty to his Majesty.
My gracious Lord. [*Kneels.*

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Fair Coufin, you debaſe your Princely Knee,
To make the baſe Earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feel your Love,
Than my un-pleas'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Up Coufin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.

Bulling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bulling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true Service ſhall deſerve your Love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerv'd: They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your Hand; nay, dry your Eyes,
Tears ſhew their Love, but want their Remedies.
Coufin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,
For do we muſt, what Force will have us do.
Set on towards *London?* Coufin, is it ſo?

Bulling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay no. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What Sport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of Care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at Bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the World is full of Rubs,
And that my Fortune runs againſt the Bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My Legs can keep no Meaſure in Delight,
When my poor Heart no Meaſure keeps in Grief.
Therefore no dancing, Girl; ſome other Sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell Tales.

Queen. Of Sorrow, or of Joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, Girl.
For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:

Or

Or if of Grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of Joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt Cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could ſing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any Tear of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.
But ſtay, here come the Gardiners;
Let's ſtep into the Shadow of theſe Trees.
My Wretchedneſs, unto a row of Pines,
They'll talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; Wo is fore-run with Wo.
Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Sire
Stoop with Oppreſſion of their prodigal Weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending Twigs.
Go thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the Heads of too faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom Weeds that without profit ſuck
The Soil's fertility from wholſom Flowers.
Serv. Why ſhould we in the compaſs of a Pale,
Keep Law and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing, as in a Model, our firm State?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weeds, her faireſt Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholſom Herbs
Swarming with Caterpillers?
Gard. Hold thy Peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of Leaf;
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd in eating him, to hold him up,

Are

Am pull'd up, Root and all, by *Bullingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden at time of Year;
And wound the Bark, the Skin of our Fruit-trees,
Lest being over proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much Riches it confound it self?
Had he done so, to great and growing Men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their Fruits of Duty. All superfluous Branches
We lop away, that bearing Boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the Crown,
Which waste and idle Hours hath quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last Night
To a dear Friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black Tidings.
Queen. Oh I am prest to Death through want of speaking;
Thou old *Adam*'s likeness, set to dress this Garden,
How dares thy harsh Tongue sound this unpleasing News?
What *Eve*? What Serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second Fall of cursed Man?
Why dost thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than Earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill Tidings? Speak, thou Wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little Joy have I
To breath these News; yet what I say is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbroke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himself,
And some few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbroke*,
Besides himself, are all the *English* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;

I speak no more, than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble Mischance, that art so light of Foot,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knows it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy Sorrow in my Breast. Come Ladies, go,
To meet at London, London's King in woe.
What, was I born to this! That my sad Look,
Should grace the Triumph of great Bullingbroke!
Gard'ner, for telling me these News of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st may never grow. [Exit.
Gard. Poor Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my Skill were subject to thy Curse.
Here did she drop a Tear, here in this place
I'll set a Bank of Rew, sweet Herb of Grace:
Rew, ev'n for Ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *Abbot of* Westminster, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

Bulling. CALL forth *Bagot.*
Now *Bagot*, freely speak thy Mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster's* Death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeless End.
Bagot. Then set before my Face the Lord *Aumerle.*
Bulling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that Man.
Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring Tongue
Scorns to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ster's* Death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my Arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful *English* Court
As far as *Calais* to my Uncle's Head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse

The

The offer of an hundred thousand Crowns,
Than *Bullingbroke* return to *England*; adding withal,
How blest this Land would be in this your Cousin's Death.
Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What Answer shall I make to this base Man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair Stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine Honour spoil'd
With the Attainder of his sland'rous Lips.
There is my Gage, the manual Seal of Death,
That marks thee out for Hell. Thou liest,
And I'll maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy Heart Blood, though being all too base,
To stain the temper of my Knighty Sword.
Bulling. *Bagot*, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this Presence that hath moved me so.
Fitzw. If that thy Valour stand on Sympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble *Glo'ster*'s Death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest,
And I will turn thy falshood to thy Heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not, Coward, live to see the Day.
Fitzw. Now, by my Soul, I would it were this Hour.
Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to Hell for this.
Percy. *Aumerle*, thou liest; his Honour is as true,
In this Appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
Of mortal Breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not may my Hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful Steel,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*,
I do remember well the very time
Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzw. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in Preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by Heav'n, as Heav'n it ſelf, is true.
Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou lieſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy,
That Lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance and Revenge,
'Till thou the Lie-giver, and that Lie, do lye,
In Earth as quiet, as thy Father's Scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine Honour's Pawn,
Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpur a forward Horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a Wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies; there is my Bond of Faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſht *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy Men,
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his Honour.
Bulling. Theſe Differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: Repeal'd he ſhall be;
And though mine Enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his Lands and Seigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Trial.
Carl. That honourable Day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſht *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian Field
Streaming the Enſign of the Chriſtian Croſs
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toil'd with works of War, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleaſant Country's Earth,
And his pure Soul unto his Captain Chriſt,

Under

Under whose Colours he had fought so long.
Bulling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?
Carl. As sure as I live, my Lord.
Bulling. Sweet Peace conduct his sweet Soul
To the Bosom of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your Differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your Days of Trial.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the Possession of thy Royal Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bulling. In God's Name, I'll ascend the Regal Throne.
Carl. Marry, Heav'n forbid.
Worst in this Royal Presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble Presence
Were enough noble to be upright Judge
Of noble *Richard*, then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a Wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent Guilt be seen in them:
And shall the Figure of God's Majesty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many Years,
Be judg'd by Subject and inferior Breath,
And he himself not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a Deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
Stir'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul Traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
The Blood of *English* shall manure the Ground,
And future Ages groan for his foul Act.

Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Wars
Shall Kin with Kin, and kind with kind confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Fear and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The Field of *Golgotha*, and dead Men's Sculls.
Oh, if you rear this Houſe, againſt this Houſe,
It will the wofulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, wo.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your Pains,
Of Capital Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your Charge,
To keep him ſafely, 'till his Day of Trial.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bulling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common View
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
Without Suſpicion.

York. I will be his Conduct. [*Exit.*

Bulling. Lords, you that are here under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Days of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter King Richard *and* York.

K. *Rich.* Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal Thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee,
Give Sorrow leave a while, to return me
To this Submiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe Men: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hail to me?
So *Judas* did to Chriſt: But he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: Will no Man ſay, *Amen*.
Am I both Prieſt and Clark? Well then, *Amen*.
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if Heav'n do think him me.
To do what Service, am I ſent for hither?

York.

York. To do that Office of thine own good Will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crown
To *Henry Bullingbroke.*

K. Rich. Give me the Crown; Here Cousin, seize the Crown.
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crown like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the Air,
The other down, unseen, and full of Water:
That Bucket down, and full of Tears am I,
Drinking my Griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bulling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My Crown I am, but still my Griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depose,
But not my Griefs; still am I King of those.

Bulling. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

K. Rich. Your Cares set up, do not pluck my Cares down.
My Care, is loss of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care won.
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bulling. Are you contented to resign the Crown?

K. Rich. I no; no I, for I must nothing be:
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
I give this heavy Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldly Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly Sway from out my Heart,
With mine own Tears I wash away my Blame,
With mine own Hands I give away my Crown,
With mine own Tongue deny my sacred State,
With mine own Breath release all dutious Oaths:
All Pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgo;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all Vows unbroke are made to thee:
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd;

Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an Earthy Pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* ſay
And ſend him many Years of Sun-ſhine Days.
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grievous Crimes
Committed by your Perſon, and your Followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them, the Souls of Men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? And muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up Follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a Troop,
To read a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate* waſh your Hands,
Shewing an outward Pity: Yet you *Pilates*
Have here delivered me to my ſower Croſs,
And Water cannot waſh away your Sin.

North. My Lord, diſpatch, read o'er theſe Articles.

K. Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet Salt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine Eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a Traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my Soul's conſent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soveraign, a Slave;
Proud Majeſty, a Subject; State, a Peaſant.

North. My Lord.

K. Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting Man;
No, nor no Man's Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,

But

But 'tis usurpt. Alack the heavy Day,
That I have worn so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my self.
Oh, that I were a Mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bullingbroke*,
To melt my self away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
[*To* Bulling.
And if my Word be Sterling yet in *England*,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,
That it may shew me what a Face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majesty.

Bulling. Go some of you and fetch a Looking-Glass.

North. Read o'er this Paper, while the Glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to Hell.

Bulling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very Book indeed,
Where all my Sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a Glass.

Give me that Glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper Wrinkles yet? Hath Sorrow struck
So many Blows upon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glass,
Like to my Followers in Prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every Day under his Household-roof
Did keep ten thousand Men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sun did make Beholders wink?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many Follies,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbroke?*
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred Shivers.
Mark, silent King, the Moral of this sport,
How soon my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bulling. The Shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The Shadow of your Face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The Shadow of my Sorrow! ha, let's see,

'Tis very true, my Grief lies all within,
And these external Manners of Laments
Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soul.
There lies the Substance: And I thank thee, King,
For thy great Bounty, that not only giv'st
Me Cause to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the Cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Bulling. Name it, fair Cousin.

K. Rich. Fair Cousin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my Flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my Flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bulling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Bulling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Bulling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bulling. Go some of you, convey him to the *Tower*.

K. Rich. Oh good; convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Bulling. On *Wednesday* next we solemnly set down
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of* Carlisle *and* Aumerle.

Abbot. A woful Pageant have we here beheld.

Bishop. The wo's to come, the Children yet unborn,
Shall feel this Day as sharp to them as Thorn.

Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious Blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my Mind herein,
You shall not only take the Sacrement,
To bury mine Intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your Brows are full of Discontent,
Your Hearts of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Tears.
Come home with me to Supper, I'll lay a Plot
Shall shew us all a merry Day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. THIS way the King will come: This is the way
To *Julius Cæsar's* ill-erected Tower,
To whose flint Bosom, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbroke.*
Here let us rest, if this Rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair Rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to Dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love Tears.
Thou the Model, where old *Troy* did stand, [*To K.* Rich.
Thou Map of Honour, thou King *Richard's* Tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd Grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest?

K. Rich. Join not with Grief, fair Woman, do not so,
To make my End too sudden: Learn, good Soul,
To think our former State a happy Dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn Brother, Sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a League 'till Death. Hie thee to *France*,
And Cloister thee in some Religious House;
Our holy Lives must win a new World's Crown,
Which our prophane Hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in Shape and Mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath *Bullingbroke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? Hath he been in thy Heart?
The Lion dying thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'er-power'd: And wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiss the Rod,
And fawn on Rage with base Humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of Beasts?

K. Rich. A King of Beasts indeed; if ought but Beasts,
I had been still a happy King of Men.
Good, sometime, Queen prepare thee hence for *France*;

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In Winter's tedious Nights ſit by the Fire
With good old Folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woful Ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their Grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And ſend the Hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenſeleſs Brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving Tongue,
And in Compaſſion weep the Fire out:
And ſome will mourn in Aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the Mind of *Bullingbroke* is chang'd
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*,
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bullingbroke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many Hours of Age,
More than it is, ere foul Sin, gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way,
To pluck him headlong from th'uſurped Throne.
The love of wicked Friends converts to Fear;
That Fear to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthy Danger, and deſerved Death.

North. My Guilt be on my Head, and there's an end.
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad Men, ye violate
A two-fold-Marriage; 'twixt my Crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married Wife.
Let me unkiſs the Oath, 'twixt thee and me: [*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a Kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where ſhivering Cold and Sickneſs pines the Clime:

My

My Queen to *France*; from whence, set forth in Pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hollowmass*, or shortest Day.

Queen. And must we be divided? Must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, Hand from Hand, my Love, and Heart from Heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little Policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one wo.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with Sighs, I mine with Groans:

Queen. So longest way, shall have the longest Moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy Heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it there is such length in Grief:
One Kiss shall stop our Mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy Heart. [*They Kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good Part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy Heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone, [*Kiss again.*
That I may strive to kill it with a Groan.

K. Rich. We make Wo wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest let Sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter York *and his Dutchess.*

Dutch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the Story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into *London*.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd Hands, from Windows tops,
Threw Dust and Rubbish on King *Richard*'s Head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course:

While

While all Tongues cry'd, God save thee, *Bullingbroke*;
You would have thought the very Windows spake,
So many greedy Looks of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage; and that all the Walls
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbroke*.
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
Bespoke them thus; I thank you, Country-men;
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

York. As in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, Mens Eyes,
Did scowle on *Richard*; no Man cry'd, God save him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome home,
But Dust was thrown upon his Sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,
The Badges of his Grief and Patience,
That had not God, for some strong Purpose, steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism it self have pitied him.
But Heav'n hath a Hand in these Events,
To whose high Will we bound our calm Contents:
To *Bullingbroke* are we sworn Subjects now,
Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my Son *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richard*'s Friend.
And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his Truth,
And lasting Fealty in the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome my Son; who are the Violets now,
That strew the green Lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care,

God

God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new-spring of time,
Left you be cropt before you come to prime.
What News from *Oxford*? Hold those Justs and Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, my Lord, they do.

York. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What Seal is that that hangs without thy Bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small Consequence,
Which for some Reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some Reasons, Sir, I mean to see;
I fear, I fear.

Dutch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay Apparel, against the Triumph.

York. Bound to himself? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a Fool.
Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul Treason! Villain, Traitor, Slave.

Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?

York. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my Horse.
Heav'n for his Mercy; what Treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?

York. Give me my Boots I say; saddle my Horse.
Now by my Honour, my Life, my Troth,
I will appeach the Villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish Woman.

Dutch. I will not peace: What is the matter, Son?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Than my poor Life must answer.

Dutch. Thy Life answer!

Enter Servant with Boots.

York. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* Poor Boy, thou art amaz'd;
Hence Villain, never more come in my Sight.

York. Give me my Boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more Sons? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with Time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair Son from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mother's Name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad Woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their Hands
To kill the King at *Oxford.*

Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away fond Woman, were he twenty times
My Son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy Mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy Bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Son:
Sweet *York*; ſweet Husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a Man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly Woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horſe,
Spur Poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy Pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York*:
And never will I riſe up from the Ground,
'Till *Bullingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Bullingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Bulling. Can no Man tell of my unthrifty Son?
'Tis full three Months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any Plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to Heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the Taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beat our Paſſengers,
Which he, young, wanton, and effeminate Boy,
Takes on the point of Honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a Crew.

Percy. My Lord, ſome two Days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Bulling. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Percy. His Anſwer was; he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a Glove
And wear it as a Favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Bulling. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both
I ſee ſome Sparks of better hope; which elder Days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bulling. What means our Couſin, that he ſtares
And looks ſo wildy?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty
To have ſome conference with your Grace alone.

Bulling. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my Knees grow to the Earth, [*Kneels.*
My Tongue cleave to my Roof within my Mouth,
Unleſs a Pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak.

Bulling. Intended or committed was this Fault?
If on the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy After-love I pardon thee,

Aum.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the Key,
That no Man enter 'till the Tale be done.

Bulling. Have thy desire. [*York within.*

York. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy Presence there.

Bulling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful Hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the Door, secure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak Treason to thy Face?
Open the Door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Bulling. What is the matter, Uncle, speak, recover breath,
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this Writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy Promise past:
I do repent me, read not my Name there,
My Heart is not confederate with my Hand.

York. It was, Villain, ere thy Hand did set it down.
I tore it from the Traitor's Bosom, King.
Fear, and not Love, begets his Penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy Pity prove
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the Heart.

Bulling. O heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracy!
O loyal Father of a treacherous Son:
Thou sheer, immaculate, and Silver Fountain,
From whence this Stream, through muddy Passages
Hath had his Current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant Goodness shall excuse
This deadly Blot, in thy digressing Son.

York. So shall my Virtue be his Vice's Bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour with his Shame;
As thriftless Sons their scraping Father's Gold.
Mine Honour lives when his Dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd Life in his Dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his Life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true Man's put to Death.

[*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for Heav'ns sake let me in!

Bulling.

Bulling. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A Woman, and thine Aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the Door,
A Beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Bulling. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul Sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More Sins for this forgiveness prosper may;
This fester'd Joint cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted Man,
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

York. Thou frantick Woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old Dugs once more a Traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York* be patient; hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*

Bulling. Rise up, good Aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech;
For ever will I kneel upon my Knees,
And never see Day that the happy sees,
Till thou give Joy, until thou bid me Joy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Unto my Mother's Prayers, I bend my Knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true Joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his Face;
His Eyes do drop no Tears, his Prayers are in jest;
His Words come from his Mouth, ours from our Breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with Heart and Soul, and all beside.
His weary Joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our Knees shall kneel, 'till to the Ground they grow.
His Prayers are full of false Hypocrisie,
Ours of true Zeal, and deep Integrity:
Our Prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That Mercy, which true Prayers ought to have.

Bulling.

Bulling. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy Tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt Word of thy Speech.
I never long'd to hear a Word 'till now:
Say Pardon, King, let pity teach thee how.
The Word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No Word like Pardon, for Kings Mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King, ſay *Pardonnez moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach Pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the Word it ſelf, againſt the Word.
Speak Pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine Eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy Tongue there:
Or in thy piteous Heart, plant thou thine Ear,
That hearing how our Plaints and Prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, Pardon to rehearſe.
Bulling. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the Suit I have in hand.
Bulling. I pardon him, as Heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy Vantage of a kneeling Knee;
Yet am I ſick for Fear; ſpeak it again,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong.
Bulling. I pardon him with all my Heart.
Dutch. A God on Earth thou art.
Bulling. But for our truſty Brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted Crew,
Deſtruction ſtreight ſhall dog them at the Heels.
Good Uncle help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this World, I ſwear,
But I will have them once know where.
Uncle farewel, and Couſin adieu;
Your Mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come my old Son, I pray Heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King what Words he ſpake?
Have I no Friend will rid me of this living Fear.
Was it no ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very Words.

Exton. Have I no Friend? quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wert the Man
That would divorce this Terror from my Heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go,
I am the King's Friend, and will rid his Foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I live, unto the World;
And for becauſe the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer't out.
My Brain, I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul, the Father; and theſe two beget
A Generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts people this little World
In Humours, like the People of this World,
For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
As Thoughts of things divine, are intermixt
With Scruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelf
Againſt the Faith; as thus; come little ones; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the Poſtern of a Needle's Eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders; how theſe vain weak Nails
May tear a Paſſage through the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Priſon Walls:
And for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,

That

That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this Thought, they find a kind of Ease,
Bearing their own Misfortune on the Back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many People,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then Treason makes me wish my self a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing Penury
Persuades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbroke*,
And streight am nothing. But what-e'er I am, [*Musick.*
Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musick do I hear?
Ha, ha; keep time: How sower sweet Musick is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musick of Mens Lives;
And here have I the Daintiness of Ear,
To here time broke in a disorder'd String;
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an Ear to hear my true Time broke:
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me.
For now hath Time made me his numbring Clock:
My Thoughts are Minutes; and with Sighs they jar,
Their Watches to mine Eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my Finger, like a Dial's Point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from Tears.
Now, Sir, the Sound that tells what Hour it is,
Are clamorous Groans, that strike upon my Heart,
Which is the Bell; so Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: O but my Time
Runs posting on, in *Bullingbroke*'s proud Joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'th' Clock.
This Musick mads me, let it sound no more;
For though it have holp mad Men to their Wits,

In

In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe Men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his Heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a Sign of Love; and Love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating World.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten Groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'ſt thou hither,
Where no Man ever comes, but that ſad Dog
That brings me Food, to make Misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor Groom of thy Stable, King,
When thou wert King, who travelling towards *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten Leave,
To look upon my, ſometimes Royal, Maſter's Face.
O how it yearn'd my Heart, when I beheld
In *London* Streets, that Coronation Day;
When *Bullingbroke* rode on roan Barbary;
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle Friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the Ground.

K. Rich. So proud that *Bullingbroke* was on his Back!
That Jade hath eat Bread from my royal Hand.
This Hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
Since Pride muſt have a fall, and break the Neck
Of that proud Man, that did uſurp his Back?
Forgiveneſs, Horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by Man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a Horſe,
And yet I bear a Burthen like an Aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbroke*.

Enter Keeper with a Diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give Place, here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom.

Groom. What my Tongue dares not, that my Heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Devil take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? What means Death in this rude Aſſault?
Villain, thine own Hand yields thy Deaths Inſtrument;
Go thou and fill another Room in Hell.
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That Hand ſhall burn in never-quenching Fire,
That ſtaggers thus my Perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce Hand,
Hath with the King's Blood ſtain'd the King's own Land.
Mount, mount my Soul, thy Seat is up on high,
Whilſt my groſs Fleſh ſinks downward here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of Valour as of Royal Blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the Deed were good;
For now the Devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this Deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear,
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Flouriſh: Enter Bullingbroke, York, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Bulling. Uncle *York*, the lateſt News we hear,
Is that the Rebels have conſum'd with Fire
Our Town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the News?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all Happineſs;
The next News is, I have to *London* ſent
The Heads of *Saliſbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent*,

The

The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this Paper here. [*Preſenting a Paper.*
Bulling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy Pains,
And to thy Worth will add right worthy Gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The Heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire Overthrow.
Bulling. Thy Pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy Merit, well I wot:

Enter Percy *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand Conſpirator *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſour Melancholly,
Hath yielded up his Body to the Grave;
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly Doom, and Sentence of his Pride.
Bulling. Carliſle, this is your Doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret Place, ſome reverend Room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy ſelf:
So as thou liv'ſt in Peace, die free from Strife.
For though mine Enemy thou haſt ever been,
High Sparks of Honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton *with a Coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd Fear. Herein all breathleſs lyes
The mightieſt of thy greateſt Enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux* by me hither brought.
Bulling. Exton I thank thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A Deed of Slaughter with thy fatal Hand,
Upon my Head, and all this famous Land.
Exton. From your own Mouth, my Lord, did I this Deed.
Bulling. They love not Poiſon, that do Poiſon need;
Nor do I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy Labour,
But neither my good Word, nor princely Favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the Shade of Night,
And never ſhew thy Head by Day, nor Light.

Lords,

Lords, I proteſt my Soul is full of Wo,
That Blood ſhould ſprinkle me, and make me grow.
Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen Black incontinent:
I'll make a Voyage to the Holy-Land,
To waſh this Blood off from my guilty Hand.
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely Bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

v:3.p.212

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

Henry Sirnam'd *Hot-Spur.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
John, Prince of Lancaster, }

Worcester,
Northumberland,
Hot-Spur,
Mortimer,
Archbishop of York, } Enemies to the King.
Douglass,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,

Westmoreland, } of the King's Party.
Sir Walter Blunt, }

Lords attending the King.

Sir John Falstaff,

Poins,
Gads-hill,
Peto,
Bardolph, } Companions of Falstaff.

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-Spur.
Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE ENGLAND.

The

The First Part of HENRY IV.

With the Life and Death of Henry Sirnam'd Hot-Spur.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaster, *Earl of* Westmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in Strands afar remote:
No more the thirsty Entrance of this Soil
Shall damp her Lips with her own Childrens Blood:
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of Hostile Paces. Those opposed Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,

March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies;
The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, Friends,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose Soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
We are impressed, and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy,
Whose Arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb,
To chase these Pagans in these holy Fields,
Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed Feet
Which fourteen hundred Years ago were nail'd
For our Advantage on the bitter Cross.
But this our purpose is a Twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear Expedience
West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set down
But yesternight: When all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude Hands of that *Welshmen* taken,
And a thousand of his People butchered;
Upon whose dead Corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless Transformation,
By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much shame, be told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this Broil
Brake off our Business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match't with other like, my gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome News

Came

Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-rood Day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody Hour:
As by discharge of their Artillery
And shape of likelihood the News was told:
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the Issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each Soil,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own Blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earl of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable Spoil?
A gallant Prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Son;
A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's Tongue:
Amongst a Grove, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whilst I by looking on the Praise of him,
See Riot and Dishonour stain the Brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In Cradle Cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my Thoughts. What think you Coz.

Of this young Percy's Pride? The Prisoners,
Which he in this Adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me Word
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his Uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all Aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this Cause a while we must neglect
Our holy Purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windsor*, so inform the Lords,
But come your self with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of Anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falstaff.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of Day is it, Lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st truly know. What a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of Leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wench in Flame-colour'd Taffata, I see no Reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the Day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we that take Purses, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King——as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.——

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal.

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be *Diana*'s Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose Countenance we steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the Fortune of us that are the Moon's Men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now: A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* Night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* Morning; got with swearing, Lay by; and spent with crying, Bring in: Now in as low an Ebb, as the Foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the Tide of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, Lad: And is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench?

P. Henry. As is the Honey, my old Lad of the Castle; and is not a Buff-Jerkin a most sweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? How now mad Wag? What, in thy Quips and thy Quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy Part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my Coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent——But I prithee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my Humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet young Prince——But, *Hal*, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old Lord of the Council rated me the other Day in the Street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well, for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over; and I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a Purse to Morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good Amendment of Life in thee, from Praying to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Watch. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit, what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good Morrow, sweet *Hal.* What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir *John* Sack and Sugar? *Jack!* How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capon's Leg?

P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his Word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cousening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow Morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-Hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purses. I have Visards for you all; you have Horses for your selves; *Gads-Hill* lies to Night in *Rochester*, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your Purses full of Crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, *Chops?*

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good Fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the Blood-Royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such Reasons for this Adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the Spirit of Persuasion, and he the Ears of profiting; that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd, that the true

Prince may, for Recreation sake, prove a false Thief; for the poor Abuses of the time want Countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *Eastcheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel All-hallown Summer. [*Exit Fal.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a Jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil,* and *Gads-Hill*, shall rob those Men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the Exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other Appointment to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce to immask our noted outward Garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The virtue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible Lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what Words, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lies the Jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow Night in *Eastcheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit Poins.*

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd Humour of your Idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,

Who

Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds
To smother up his Beauty from the World,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists
Of Vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the Year were playing Holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare Accidents.
So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,
And pay the Debt I never promised;
By how much better than my Word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie Mens Hopes,
And like bright Metal on a sullen Ground
My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
Than that which hath no Foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make Offence a Skill,
Redeeming time, when Men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-spur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Henry. My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these Indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my Patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my Condition,
Which hath been smooth as Oyl, soft as young Down,
And therefore lost the Title of Respect,
Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our House, my Sovereign Liege, little deserves
The Scourge of Greatness to be used on it,
And that same Greatness too, which our own Hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My Lord——

K. Henry. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see

Danger

Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.
O Sir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a Servant Brow.
You have good Leave to leave us. When we need
Your Use and Counsel, we shall send for you.
[Exit Worcester.
You were about to speak. [To Northumberland.
North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those Prisoners in your Highness Name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such Strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.
Who ever through Envy, or Misprision,
Was guilty of this Fault, 'twas not my Son.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the Fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a Bridegroom, and his Chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a Stubble Land at Harvest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
A Pouncet Box, which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuff. And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the Soldiers bare dead Bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome Corse
Betwixt the Wind, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady Terms
He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then all-smarting with my Wounds, being cold,
To be so pester'd with a Popinjay,
Out of my Grief, and my Impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what,
He should or should not; for he made me mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting Gentlewoman
Of Guns, and Drums, and wounds, (God save the Mark!)
And telling me, the Sovereignest thing on Earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great Pity, so it was,
The villainous Saltpeter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,
Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
He would himself have been a Soldier.
This bald, unjointed Chat of his, my Lord,
Made me to answer indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not this Report
Come current for an Accusation,
Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The Circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percy* then had said,
To such a Person, and in such a Place,
At such a Time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet doth he deny his Prisoners,
But with Proviso and Exception,
That we at our own Charge, shall ransom straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who, in my Soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The Lives of those, that he did lead to fight,
Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,
Whose Daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our Coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren Mountains, let him starve;
For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,
Whose Tongue shall ask me for one Penny Cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?

He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
But by the Chance of War; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one Tongue, for all those Wounds,
Those mortified Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's Sedgie Bank,
In single Opposition Hand to Hand
He did confound the best part of an Hour
In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon Agreement of swift Severn's Flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisped Head in a hollow Bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
Never did base, and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly Wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly;
Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt. [him;

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou dost belie
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the Devil alone,
As Owen *Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest Means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
We license your Departure with your Son.
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit* K. Henry.

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after streight
And tell him so; for I will ease my Heart,
Although it be with hazard of my Head.

North. What, drunk with Choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your Uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my Soul

Want

Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all these Veins,
And shed my dear Blood Drop by Drop i'th' Dust,
But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad!

[*To Worcester.*

Wor. Who struck this Heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the Ransom once again
Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose Wrongs in us, God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the World's wide Mouth
Live so scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd,
But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his sake wore the detested Blot
Of murderous Subordinations? Shall it be,
That you a World of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.

Shall

Shall it for Shame, be spoken in these Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you, God pardon it, have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more Shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent?
No; yet Time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the World again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who studies Day and Night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your Deaths:
Therefore I say——

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret Book,
And to your quick conveying Discontents,
I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of Peril and adventurous Spirit,
As to o'er-walk a Current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good Night, or sink or swim:
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross it from the North to South.
And let them grapple: The Blood more stirs
To rouze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great Exploit,
Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easie Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or drive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fadom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rival, all her Dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin give me Audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you Mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your Prisoners——

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he shall not a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not,
I'll keep them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no Ear unto my Purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lyes asleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his Anger still in Motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin: A Word.

Hot. All Studies here I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:
And that same Sword and Buckler, Prince of *Wales*,
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some Mischance,
I would have poison'd him with a Pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewel, Kinsman; I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with Rods,
Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke*:
In *Richard*'s time——what d'ye call the Place?——
A Plague upon't——it is in *Glo'stershire*——
'Twas where the Madcap Duke his Uncle kept——

His

His Uncle *York* —— where I first bow'd my Knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbroke*:
When you and he came back from *Ravenſpurg*.
North. At *Barkley* Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a ſcuruy deal of Courteſie
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!
Look when his Infant Fortune came to Age,——
And gentle *Harry Percy* —— and kind Couſin——
O, the Devil take ſuch Cozeners —— God forgive me——
Good Uncle tell your Tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll ſtay your Leiſure.
Hot. I have done, inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* Priſoners.
Deliver them up without their Ranſom ſtreight,
And make the *Douglaſs* Son your only Mean
For Powers in *Scotland*; which for divers Reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the Boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Biſhop.
Hot. Of *York*, is't not?
Wor True, who bears hard
His Brother's Death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I ſpeak not this in Eſtimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down,
And only ſtays but to behold the Face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it.
Upon my Life, it will do wondrous well.
North. Before the Game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed,
To save our Heads, by raising of a Head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our Debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a Time to pay us home:
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by Letters shall direct your Course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our Powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the Hours be short,
Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our Sport.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 *Car.* HEigh ho, an't be not four by the Day I'll be hang'd. *Charles* wain is over the new Chimney, and yet our Horse not packt. What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This House is turn'd upside down, since *Robin* the Ostler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor Fellow never joy'd since the Price of Oats rose, it was the Death of him.

2 *Car.*

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous House in all *London* Road for Fleas: I am flea'd like a Trench.

1 *Car.* Like a Trench? There's never a King in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first Cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney; And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler? A Plague on thee, hast thou never an Eye in thy Head? Canst not hear? And 'twere not as good a Deed as drink, to break the Pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no Faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads. Good Morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I prithee lend me thy Lanthorn, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, if when? canst tell? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a! marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to Bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Ex. Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain?

Cham. At hand, quoth Pick-Purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of Purses than giving Direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the Plot how.

Cham.

Chamb. Good-morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his Company last Night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what; they are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas* Clerks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipp'ſt S. *Nicholas* as truly as a Man of Falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat Pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no Straveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for Sport-ſake, are content to do the Profeſſion ſome Grace; that would, if Matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own Credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-Staff ſix Penny Strikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-Malt-worms, but with Nobility and Tranquility; Burgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than drink; and drink ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Chamb. What, the Common-wealth their Boots? Will ſhe hold out Water in foul Way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; Juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a Caſtle, Cock-ſure; we have the Receipt of Fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, than the Fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy Hand.
Thou ſhalt have a Share in our Purpoſe,
As I am a true Man.

Chamb.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe Thief.

Gads. Go to, Homo is a common Name to all Men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the Stable. Farewel, ye muddy Knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins *and* Peto.

Poins. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter, I have removed *Falſtaff*'s Horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd *Poins.*

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcal, what a bawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins? Hal.*

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Thief's Company: That Raſcal hath remov'd my Horſe, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square further afoot, I ſhall break my Wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forſworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty Year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the Rogue's Company. If the Raſcal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be elſe; I have drunk Medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll ſtarve ere I rob a Foot further. And 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threeſcore and ten Miles afoot with me; and the ſtony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another, [*They whiſtle.*

Whew, a Plague light upon you all. Give me my Horſe, you Rogues, give me my Horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lye down, lay thine Ear cloſe to the Ground, and liſt if you can hear the Tread of Travellers.

Fal.

Fal. Have you any Levers to lift me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own Flesh so far afoot again, for all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What a Plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my Horse, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own Heir-apparent Garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; and I have not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy Tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poison; when a Jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my Will.

Poins. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice: *Bardolph*, what News?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's Money of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your Encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

P. Henry What, a Coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the Proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our Disguises?

Poins.

Poins. Here hard by: Stand close.

P. Henry. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I; every Man to his Business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy shall lead our Horses down the Hill: We'll walk a foot a while, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jesu bless us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains Throats; ah! whoreson Caterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffs, I would your Store were here. On Bacons on! what ye Knaves? Young Men must live; you are Grand Jurors? We'll jure ye faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to Horse before Day; and the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant Cowards, there's no Equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Mony.

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* Poins *set upon them. They all run away, leaving the Booty behind them.*

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Thieves are scattered, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned*, *Falstaff* sweats to Death, and Lards the lean Earth as he walks along; were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Hotspur *solus, reading a Letter.*

But for mine own Part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our House —— He shews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this Nettle, Danger, we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time it self unsorted, and your whole Plat too light, for the counterpoise of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation; An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the Plot, and the general Course of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and Owen *Glendower*? Is there not besides, the Duke? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? And are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? An Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a Dish of Skim'd-Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to Night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what Offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd Woman from my *Harry's* Bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy Stomach, Pleasure, and thy golden Sleep?
Why doth thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth?
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh Blood in thy Cheeks?
And given my Treasures and my Rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd Musing, and curst Melancholly?
In thy faint Slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur Tales of Iron Wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry, Courage! to the Field! And thou hast talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palisadoes, Frontiers, Parapets;
Of Basilisks, of Cannon, Culverin,
Of Prisoners Ransom, and of Soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at War,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy Sleep,
That Beads of Sweat have stood upon thy Brow,
Like Bubbles in a late disturbed Stream:
And in thy Face strange Motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when Men restrain their Breath,
On some great sudden haste. O what Portents are these?
Some heavy Business hath my Lord in Hand,
And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an Hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? A Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady

Lady. What is it that carries you away?

Hot. Why, my Horſe, my Love, my Horſe.

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazel hath not ſuch a deal of Spleen, as you are toſt with. In ſooth I'll know your Buſineſs, *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir, about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his Enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, *Love.*

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly unto this Queſtion, that I ſhall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell thee true.

Hot. Away, away, you Trifler: Love! I love thee not, I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no World
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips.
We muſt have bloody Noſes, and crack'd Crowns,
And paſs them currant too——Gods me, my Horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou, *Kate*? What wouldſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love my ſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeakeſt in Jeſt or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a Horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and to conclude,
This Evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy*'s Wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a Woman; and for Secreſie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know,
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To Day will I ſet forth, to Morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, prethee come out of that fat Room, and lend me thy Hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore Hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn Brother to a Leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their Confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of Courteſie; telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falſtaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy, and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good Lads in *Eaſt-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet; and when you break in your watring, then they cry Pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a Proficient in one quarter of an Hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my Life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which Name of *Ned*, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his Life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome Sir*: With this ſhrill Addition, *Anon Sir*, *Anon Sir*, *Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Half Moon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falſtaff* come, I prithee do thou ſtand in ſome by Room, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: Step aſide and I'll ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

Enter Francis *the Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forſooth five Years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years; Berlady, a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of Heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my Heart——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a Pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thouſand Pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern Jerkin, Chriſtal Button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, Puke-ſtocking, Caddice-Garter, Smooth Tongue, *Spaniſh* Pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Baſtard is your only Drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas Doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis?

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, doſt thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the Gueſts within: My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a Dozen more are at the Door; ſhall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the Door. *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the Thieves are at the Door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning Match have you made with this Jeſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the Iſſue?

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves Humours, ſince the old Days of Goodman *Adam*, to the Pupil Age of this preſent twelve a Clock at Midnight. What's a Clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow ſhould have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Induſtry is up Stairs and down Stairs; his Eloquence the parcell of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s Mind, the Hot ſpur of the North; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven Dozen of *Scots* at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his Hands and ſays to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to Day? Give my roan Horſe a Drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an Hour after; a Triſle, a Triſle. I prithee call in *Falſtaff*. I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, ſays the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaff.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy. Ere I lead this Life long, I'll ſow nether Socks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a Diſh of Butter, pitiful

pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didſt, then behold that Compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a Coward is worſe than a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villainous Coward.—go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou will, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I ſay. I would I were a Weaver, I could ſing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

P. Henry. How now *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geeſe, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you Whorſon round Man! What's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and that there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward; but I would give a thouſand Pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtreight enough in the Shoulders, you care not who ſees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? a plague upon ſuch backing; give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all Cowards, ſtill, ſay I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?

Fal. What's the Matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand Pound this Morning.

P. Henry. Where is it *Jack*? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, four through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A Plague of all Cowards —— let them speak; if they speak more or less than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darkness.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call All; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lie, spit in my Face, call me Horse; thou know'st my old Ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my Point; four Rogues in Buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven Points in my Target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In Buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in Buckram Suits.

Fal,

Fal. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a Villain else.

P. Henry. Prithee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to: These nine in Buckram, that I told thee of ——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their Points being broken ——

Poins. Down fell his Hose.

Fal. Began to give me Ground; but I follow'd me close, came in Foot and Hand; and with a Thought seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! Eleven Buckram Men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three mis-begotten Knaves, in *Kendal* Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

P. Henry. These Lies are like the Father that begets them, gross as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Fool, thou whorson obscene greasie Tallow-Catch.

Fal. What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the Truth, the Truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these Men in *Kendal* Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come tell us your Reason: What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your Reason, *Jack*, your Reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulsion. Give you a Reason on compulsion! If Reasons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a Reason upon Compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horseback-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats-Tongue, Bull's-pissel, you Stock-fish: O for Breath to utter what is like thee? You Tailor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-Case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelf in baſe Compariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack.*

P. Henry. We two ſaw you four ſet on four and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it, yea, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roar'd for Mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What Trick? What Device? What ſtarting Hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent Shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear *Jack*: What Trick haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware Inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great Matter. I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf, and thee, during my Life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hoſteſs, clap to the Doors; watch to Night, pray to Morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? Shall we have a Play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the Argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. My Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the Hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at Door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your Father.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal Man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Fal. What manner of Man is he?

Host. An old Man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Prithee do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon Instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then besmubber our Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. I did that I did not these seven Years before, I blusht to hear his monstrous Devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stolleſt a Cup of Sack eighteen Years ago, and wert taken with the Manner, and ever since thou hast blusht *Extempore*; thou hadst Fire and Sword on thy Side, and yet thou ranneſt away: What Instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold these Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'ſt thy own Knee?

Fal. My own Knee? When I was about thy Years,

Hal.

Hal, I want not an Eagle's Talon in the Waste, I could have crept into any Alderman's Thumb-Ring. A plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villainous News abroad: Here was Sir *John Bracy* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the Morning. That fame mad Fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amaimon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: What a Plague call you him?

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. Owen, *Owen*; the ſame, and his Son-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Douglaſs*, that runs a Horſeback up a Hill perpendicular——

P. Henry. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Raſcal hath good Metal in him, he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A Horſeback, ye Cuckow, but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon Inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Inſtinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolen away by Night: Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News: You may buy Land now as cheap as ſtinking Mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-nails, by the Hundred.

Fal. By the Maſs, Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like we ſhall have good trading that Way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three ſuch Enemies again as that Fiend *Douglaſs*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy Blood thrill at it?

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack some of thy Instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy Father; If thou do love me, practice an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I? content: This Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a joint-Stool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Fal. Well, and the Fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept for I muſt ſpeak in Paſſion, and I will do it in King *Cambyſes* Vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my Leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech; ſtand aſide Nobility.

Hoſt. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the Father, how he holds his Countenance?

Fal. For God's ſake, Lords, convey my triſtful Queen, For Tears do ſtop the Flood-gates of her Eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry Players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain.—*Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faſter it grows: yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point; why, being Son to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Sun of Heav'n prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a Queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Theif, and take Purſes? a Queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often

often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; so doth the Company thou keepſt; for *Harry*, now do I not ſpeak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleaſure, but in Paſſion; not in Words only, but in Woes alſo; and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, and it like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful Look, a pleaſing Eye, and a moſt noble Carriage, and as I think, his Age ſome fifty, or, by'lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falſtaff*; If that Man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I ſee Virtue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is Virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this Month?

P. Henry. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depoſe me! if thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my Maſters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I'faith, my Lord, they are falſe.——Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearſt thou, ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old Man: a Tun of Man is thy Companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that Trunk of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln Parcel of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that ſtuft Cloak-bag of Guts,

Gets, that rosted Manning-Tree Ox with the Puddings in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in Years; wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in Craft? Wherein crafty but in Villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: Whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white Hairs do witness it; But that he is, saving your Reverence, a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a Sin, then many an old Host that I know is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry*'s Company, banish not him thy *Harry*'s Company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-stick; What's the Matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Wtch are at the Door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fal.

Hal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit; Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without Instinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt* Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your Will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this House.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gross fat Man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have imploy'd him; And, Sheriff, I will engage my Word to thee, That I will, by to Morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any Man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be so, if he have robb'd these Men, He shall be answerable; and so farewel.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as *Paul's*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? Fast asleep behind the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath; ſearch his Pockets.

[*He ſearches his Pockets, and finds certain Papers.*

P. Henry. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*

Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*

Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*

Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Item, Bread, a Halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monſtrous, but one half Penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep 'till Day. I'll to the Court in the Morning: We muſt all to the Wars, and thy Place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his Death will be a March of Twelveſcore. The Mony ſhall be paid back again with Advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and ſo good Morrow, *Peto*.

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hot-Spur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

Mort. THESE Promiſes are fair, the Parties ſure,
And our Induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?
And Uncle *Worceſter* —— A plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hot-Spur*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeak of you,
His Cheeks look pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heav'n.

Hot.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my Nativity,
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
Of burning Creſſets; and at my Birth,
The Frame and the Foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would have done at the ſame Seaſon, if your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelf had never been born.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay the Earth was not of my Mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then th' Earth ſhook to ſee the Heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly Wind
Within her Womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeples, and moſs-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this Diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin; of many Men
I do not bear theſe Croſſings: Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields:
Theſe Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the Courſes of my Life do ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common Men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea
That chides the Banks of *England*, *Scotland* and *Wales*,
Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,

And hold me pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there's no Man ſpeaks better Welſh: I'll to Dinner.

Mort. Peace, Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſty Deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any Man; But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Devil, By telling Truth. *Tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.* If thou have Power to raiſe him, bring him hither, And I'll be ſworn, I have Power to ſhame him hence. Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and ſhame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbroke* made head Againſt my Power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*, And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent him, Bootleſs home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without Boots, and in foul Weather too! How 'ſcapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our Right, According to our threefold Order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it Into three Limits, very equally: *England*, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto, By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd: All Weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Couſin to you The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn: Which being ſealed enterchangeably, A Buſineſs that this Night may execute, To Morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I, And my good Lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth, To meet your Father, and the *Scottiſh* Power, As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*. My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet, Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen Days:

Within

Within this space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my Moiety, North from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and Silver *Trent* shall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep Indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must, you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark how he bears his Course,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposing Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yes, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North-side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.
Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.
Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;
A Virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my Heart.
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,

Than

Than one of these same Metre-ballad-mongers,
I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axel-tree,
And that would set my Teeth on Edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd Gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving Friend;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth Part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moon shines fair,
You may away by Night:
I'll haste the Writer, and withal,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father.

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least nine Hours,
In reck'ning up the several Devils Names,
That were his Lackeys:
I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired Horse, a railing Wife.
Worse than a smoaky House. I had rather live
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmil far,
Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:

Vali-

Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as bountiful as Mines of *India*.
Shall I tell you, Couſin,
He holds your Temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his Humour; faith he does.
I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of Danger, and Reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Mort. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
And ſince your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite beſides his Patience:
You muſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhews Greatneſs, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtineſs, Opinion, and Diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth Mens Hearts, and leaves behind a Stain
Upon the Beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of Commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeed;
Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, ſhe'll not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, ſhe'll to the Wars.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.

[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She is deſperate here:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd Harlotry,
One that no Perſwaſion can do good upon.

[*The Lady ſpeaks in* Welſh.

Mort.

Mort. I understand thy Looks; that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'dst down from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in: And but for shame,
In such a Parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble Disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: For thy Tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if these melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lap,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your Blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The Hour before the Heav'nly harness'd Team
Begins his golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my Heart I'll sit, and hear her sing;
By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy Goose. [*The Musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh*,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humourous:
By'lady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musical,
For you are altogether govern'd by Humours:
Lie still ye Thief, and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot.

Hot. I had rather hear, Lady, my Brach howl in Latin.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy Head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a Woman's Fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welſh* Lady's Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings. [*Here the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.*
Come, I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth!
You ſwear like a Comfit-maker's Wife,
Not you, in good ſooth, and, as true as I live;
And, as God ſhall mend me, and, as ſure as Day:
And giveſt ſuch Sarcenet ſurety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'ſt further than *Finſbury*.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath, and leave Inſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper-Ginger-Bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and *Sunday* Citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or be Red-breaſt Teacher: And the Indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two Hours: And ſo come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: We will but ſeal,
And then to Horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[*Enter King* Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt have ſome private Conference.

But

But be near at Hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether Heav'n will have it so,
For some displeasing Service I have done;
That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy Passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heav'n
To punish my Mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low Desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatness of thy Blood,
And hold their level with thy Princely Heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all Offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks, and base News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find Pardon on my true Submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
And art almost an Alien to the Hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
The Hope and Expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I so lavish of my Presence been,
So common hackney'd in the Eyes of Men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;

Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to Poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſs Baniſhment,
A Fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at;
That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
Others would ſay, Where? Which is *Bullingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all Courteſie from Heav'n,
And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch Humility,
That I did pluck Allegiance from Mens Hearts,
Loud Shouts and Salutation from their Mouths,
Even in the Preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my Perſon freſh and new,
My Preſence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wondred at; and ſo my State,
Seldom but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And won by rareneſs ſuch Solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow Jeſters, and raſh Bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
Had his great Name profaned with their Scorns,
And gave his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative:
Grew a Companion to the common Streets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to Popularity:
That being daily ſwallowed by Mens Eyes,
They ſurfeited with Honey, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much;
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,

Slep;

Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries,
Being with his Presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy Princely Privilege,
With vile Participation. Not an Eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
Make blind it self with foolish Tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the World.
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set forth to *Ravenspurg*;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Interest to the State
Than thou the Shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
He doth fill Fields with Harness in the Realm,
Turns Head against the Lion's armed Jaws;
And being no more in Debt to Years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruising Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglass*, whose high Deeds,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Arms,
Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
And Military Title Capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath the *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing Cloaths,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglass*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-Bishop's Grace of *York*, *Douglass* and *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

But wherefore do I tell this News to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'ſt and dearest Enemy?
Thou art like enough, through Vaſſal Fear,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s Pay,
To dog his Heels, and curtſie at his Frowns,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And Heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good Thoughts away from me:
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s Head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious Day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
And ſtain my Favours in a Bloody Mask:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my Shame with it.
And that ſhall be the Day, when e'er it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honour and Renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:
For every Honour ſitting on his Helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my Head
My Shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious Deeds for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſs up glorious Deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt Worſhip of his Time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heav'n, I promiſe here:
The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown Wounds of my Intemperature;
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bonds,
And I will die a hundred thouſand Deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt Parcel of this Vow.

P. Henry. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this:

Thou

Thou shalt have Charge, and Sovereign Truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? Thy Looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So is the Buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Douglas* and the *Engliſh* Rebels met
The Eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
If Promiſes be kept on every Hand,
As ever offered foul Play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to Day:
With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
For this Advertiſement is five Days old.
On *Wedneſday* next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: And *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Glocesterſhire*: By which account,
Our Buſineſs valued, ſome twelve Days hence,
Our general Forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our Hands are full of Buſineſs: Let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while We delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely, ſince this laſt Action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's looſe Gown: I am withered like an old Apple *John*. Well I'll repent, and ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of Heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no Strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horſe; the inſide of a Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come ſing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little, dic'd not above ſeven

times a Week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a Quarter of an Hour, paid Mony that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; and now I live out of all order, out of Compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all Compass, out of all reasonable Compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Son of utter Darkness. When thou ranst up *Gads-hill* in the Night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire Light; thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tavern and Tavern; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, at the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire, any time this two and thirty Years, Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? Do you think I keep Thieves in my House? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: The tight of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Fal.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a Hair; and I'll be ſworn my Pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own Houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; You owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a Quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a Dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight Shillings an Ell: You owe Money here beſides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his Face: What call you rich? Let him coin his Noſe, let him coin his Cheeks, I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine Eaſe in mine Inn, but I ſhall have my Pocket pick'd? I have loſt a Seal-Ring of my Grand-father's, worth forty Mark.

Hoſt. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-Cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Falſtaff *meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

Fal. How now, Lad? is the Wind in that Door? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* Faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt Man.

Hoſt. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell aſleep here behind the Ar-

ran; and had my Pocket pickt: This House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a-piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grandfather's.

P. Henry. A Trifle, some eight-penny Matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-Hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a stew'd Prune; nor no more Truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputy's Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Host. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest Man's Wife; and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what Beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beast, Why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither Fish nor Flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so; thou, or any Man, knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other Day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal. A thousand Pound, *Hal*? A Million; thy Love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy Love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's Whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay if I do, let my Girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this Bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy Pocket! Why thou whorson impudent imboss Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdy-Houses, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-Candy to make thee long-winded; if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other Injuries but these, I am a Villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'st in the State of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the Days of Villainy? Thou seest, I have more Flesh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty. You confess then you pickt my Pocket!

P. Henry. It appears so by the Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee:
Go make ready Breakfast; love thy Husband,
Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests?
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason:
Thou seest, I am pacify'd still.
Nay, I prithee be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*
Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet Beef,
I must still be good Angel to thee.
The Money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with un-wash'd Hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph.

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*,
Go *Peto*, to Horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty Miles to ride yet ere Dinner time.
Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*
At two a Clock in the Afternoon,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Mony, and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare Words; brave World,
Hostess, my Breakfast, come:
Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, *and* Dowglass.

Hot. WELL said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking Truth
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglass* have,
As not a Soldier of this Seasons stamp,
Should go so general current through the World.

By

By Heav'n I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my Heart's love, hath no Man than your self.
Nay, taske me to my Word; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man so potent breathes upon the Ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messinger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well—What Letters hast thou there?—
I can but thank you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him!
Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous sick.

Hot. How! Has he the leisure to be sick now,
In such a justling time? Who leads his Power;
Under whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters bear his Mind, not I his Mind.

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four Days ere I set forth:
And at the time of my Departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by Sickness had been visited;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This Sickness doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward Sickness—
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: Nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertisement,
That with our small Conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is disposd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possest
Of all our Purposes. What say you to it?

Wor.

Wor. Your Father's Sickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous Gaſh, a very Limb lopt off.
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want,
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a Main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour,
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very Bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dou. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remains a ſweet Reverſion.
We may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendezvous, a Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The Quality and Heir of our Attempt
Brooks no Diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is abſent,
That Wiſdom, Loyalty, and meer Diſlike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an Apprehenſion
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Queſtion in our Cauſe:
For well you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The Eye of Reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That ſhews the Ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his Abſence make this uſe:
It lends a Luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: For Men muſt think,

If

If we without his help can make a Head,
To push against the Kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As Heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*,
As this Dream of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord,
The Earl of *Westmorland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in Person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty Preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too,
Where is his Son?
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnisht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Estridges, that wing the Wind,
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry*, with his Beaver on,
His Cushes on his Thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such Ease into his Seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the World with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more;
Worse than the Sun in *March*,
This Praise doth nourish Agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,

All

All as the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his Altar sit
Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich Reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the Bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, and Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a Coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more News:
I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen Days.

Dou. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty Sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Power of us may serve so great a Day.
Come, let us take a Muster speedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dou. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half Year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Soldiers shall march through: We'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Mony, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottel makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy Labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will, Captain; farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal.

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my Soldiers, I am a foul'd Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's Press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty Soldiers, three Hundred and odd Pounds. I press me none but good Housholders, Yeomens Sons; enquire me out contracted Batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: Such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum; such as fear the Report of a Caliver, worse than a struck-Fowl, or a hurt wild Duck. I press me none but such Toasts and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Glutton's Dogs licked his Sores; and such as indeed were never Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace; ten times more dishonourable, ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the Rooms of them that have bought out their Services; that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me on the Way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead Bodies. No Eye hath seen such skar-Crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without Sleeves; and the Shirt, to say the Truth, stoll'n from my Host of St. *Albans*; or the Red-Nose Innkeeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Westmorland.

P. Henry. How-now, blown *Jack*? how now, Quilt?

Fal.

Hal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil doſt thou in *Warwickſhire*? My good Lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to Night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to ſteal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe Fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful Raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: Food for Powder, food for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better; tuſh Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

Weſt. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their Poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their Bareneſs, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three Fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*, I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hot-Spur, Worceſter, Dowglaſs, *and* Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to Night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then Advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for Supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful:
Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to Night.
Ver. Do not, my Lord.
Dou. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of Fear, and cold Heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, *Douglas:* By my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little Counsel with weak Fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this Day lives.
Let it be seen to Morrow in the Battel,
Which of us fears.
Dou. Yea, or to Night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To Night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being Men of such great Leading as you
That you foresee not what Impediments [are,
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your Uncle *Worcester's* Horse came but to Day,
And now their Pride and Mettle is asleep,
Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the Horses of the Enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought-low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Cousin, stay 'till all come in.
The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* And would to God
You were of our Determination,
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great Deservings, and good Name,
Because you are not of our Quality,

But

But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.——The King hath sent to know
The Nature of your Griefs, and wherefore upon
You conjure from the Breast of civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his ductious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your Desires, with Interest:
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis-led by your Suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the World's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the Shore:
And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With Tears of Innocency, and terms of Zeal:
My Father, in kind Heart and Pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
Even at the Heels, in golden Multitudes.
He presently, as Greatness knows it self,

Steps

Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
Upon the naked Shore at *Ravenſpurg*:
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtraight Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth;
Cries out upon Abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Country's Wrongs; and by his Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Juſtice, did he win
The Hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the abſent King
In Deputation left behind here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* War.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the Point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the Neck of that, task'd the whole State:
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without Ranſom, to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Council Board,
In Rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong.
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
This Head of Safety; and withal, to pry
Into his Title; the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this Anſwer to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*.
We'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe Return again:
And in the Morning early ſhall my Uncle
Bring him our Purpoſe; and ſo farewel.

Blunt.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.
Hot. And't may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed Brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my Couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they do import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Michell. My good Lord, I gueſs their Tenour.
York. Like enough you do.
To Morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a Day,
Wherein the Fortune of ten thouſand Men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick raiſed Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the Sickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt Proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s Abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant Trial with the King.
Sir Michell. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is *Douglaſs*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Michel. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*,
And a Head of gallant Warriors;
Noble Gentlemen.
York. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial Head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men

Of

Of Eſtimation, and command in Arms.

Sir Michell. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no leſs: Yet needful 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell* ſpeed;
And if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his Power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And, tis but Wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other Friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michell.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. *Henry.* HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon buſky Hill: The Day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Henry. The Southern Wind
Doth play the Trumpet to his Purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring Day,

K. *Henry.* Then with the Loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem ſower to them that win.
[*The Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter.

K. *Henry.* How now, my Lord of *Wor'ſter*? 'Tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch Terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Truſts,
And made us doff our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old Limbs in ungentle Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you again unknit
This churliſh Knot of all-abhorred War;
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural Light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,

A Prodigy of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own Part, I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my Life
With quiet Hours: For I do protest,
I have not sought the Day of this dislike.
K. Henry. You have not sought it; how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your Looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard's* Time, and posted Day and Night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your Hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my self, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that Oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further, than your new fal'n Right,
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we sware our Aid: But in short Space,
It rain'd down Fortune, showring on your Head,
And such a Flood of Greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the Injuries of wanton Time,
The seeming Sufferances that you had born,
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* Wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair Advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general Sway into your Hand:
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,

As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
Uſith the Sparrow, did oppreſs our Neſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to ſo great a Bulk,
That even our Love durſt not come near your Sight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble Wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake, to fly
Out of your Sight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you your ſelf have forg'd againſt your ſelf,
By unkind Uſage, dangerous Countenance,
And violation of all Faith and Troth
Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K. Henry. Theſe things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine Colour, that may pleaſe the Eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the News
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cauſe;
Nor moody Beggars, ſtarving for a Time
Of pell mell Havock, and Confuſion.

P Henry. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
In praiſe of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
This preſent Enterprize ſet off his Head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble Deeds.
For my Part, I may ſpeak it to my Shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Father's Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great Name and Eſtimation,

And

And will, to save the Blood on either side,
Try Fortune with him, in a single Fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good *Worster*, no,
We love our People well; even those we love
That are misled upon your Cousin's Part:
And will they take the Offer of our Grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with Reply,
We offer fair, take it advisedly. [*Exit* Worcester.

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my Life.
The *Douglas* and the *Hot spur* both together,
Are confident against the World in Arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their Answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our Cause is just. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Prince Henry *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the Battel,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of Friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that Friendship: Say thy Prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were Bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his Day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no Matter, Honour pricks me on: But how if Honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour set to a Leg? No. Or an Arm? No. Or take away the Grief of Wound? No. Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living?

living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon; and so ends my Catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*, The liberal kind Offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his Word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this Offence in other Faults:
Suspicion, all our Lives, shall be stuck full of Eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his Ancestors;
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our Looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer Death.
My Nephew's Trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of Youth, and heat of Blood,
And an adopted Name of Privilege,
A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his Offences live upon my Head,
And on his Father's. We did train him on,
And his Corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hot-spur *and* Douglas.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what News?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dou. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Douglas*; go you and tell him so.

Dou. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Dowglas.*

Wor. There is no seeming Mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have throwa
A brave Defiance in King *Henry*'s Teeth:
And *Westmerland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single Fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw short Breath to Day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in Contempt?

Wor. No by my Soul: I never in my Life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a Brother should a Brother dare,
To gentle Exercise and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praises with a princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praise,
By still dispraising Praise, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing Cital of himself,
And chid his trewant Youth so with a Grace,
As if he master'd there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the Envy of this Day,
England did never owe so sweet a Hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured

On

On his Follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere Night
I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm,
That he shall shrink under my Courtesie.
Arm, arm with speed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of Tongue,
Can lift your Blood up with Persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of Life is short:
To spend that Shortness basely were too long,
Tho' Life did ride upon a Dial's Point,
Still ending at the Arrival of an Hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave Death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our Consciences, the Arms are fair,
When the Intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale,
For I profess not talking: Only this,
Let each Man do his best. And here I draw my Sword,
Whose worthy Temper I intend to stain
With the best Blood that I can meet withal,
In the Adventure of this perilous Day.
Now Esperance, *Percy*, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of War.
And by that Musick, let us all embrace:
For Heav'n to Earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

[*They embrace, then Exeunt. The Trumpets sound, the King entreth with his Power; Alarm to the Battel. Then enter* Dowglas *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy Name, that in Battel thus thou crossest me?
What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus,

Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to Day hath bought
Thy Likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* Death.

Fight, Blunt *is slain, then enter* Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Douglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This *Douglas*? No, I know this Face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murther all his Wardrobe Piece by Piece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our Soldiers stand full fairly for the Day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, enter Falstaff *solus*,

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the Shot here: Here's no scoring, but upon the Pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's Honour for you; here's no Vanity; I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep Lead out of me, I need no more Weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my Rag-o-Muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the Towns end to beg during Life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a noble Man lies stark and stiff

Under

Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies.
Whose Deaths are unreveng'd. Prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such Deeds in Arms, as I have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my Sword: but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a City.

[*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me Life, which if I can save, so; if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Alarm, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaster, *and the Earl of* Westmorland.

K. Henry. I prithee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your Majesty make up,
Least your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:
My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your Help,
And Heav'n forbid a shallow Scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a Field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels Arms triumph in Massacres.

Lan. We breath too long; come Cousin *Westmorland*,
Our Duty this Way lies, for Heav'ns sake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee Lord of such a Spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the Point,
With lustier Maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. O this Boy, lends Mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like *Hydra*'s Heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the Person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at Heart
So many of his Shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight*: *The King being in Danger*,

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threats thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*. Dowglas *flyeth*.
Cheerly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for Succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* streight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost Opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my Life
In this fair Rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n, they did me tooo much Injury,

That

That ever faid I hearkned to your Death.
If it were fo, I might have let alone
The infulting Hand of *Douglas* over you,
Which would have been as fpeedy in your end,
As all the poifonous Potions in the World,
And fav'd the treacherous Labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawfey*.

Enter Hot-Spur.

Hot. If I miftake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. Henry. Thou fpeakeft as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Why then I fee
A very valiant Rebel of that Name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To fhare with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor fhall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n
Thy Name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Creft
I'll crop, to make a Garland for my Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falftaff.

Fal. Well faid, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you fhall find no Boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falftaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou haft robb'd me of my Youth:
I better brook the Loſs of brittle Life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haft won of me,
They wound my Thoughts worſe, than thy Sword my Flefh:
But Thought's the Slave of Life, and Life Time's Fool;
And Time, that takes ſurvey of all the World,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold Hand of Death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art Duſt,
And Food for——

[*Dies.*

P. Henry.

P. Henry. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel, great Heart!
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too small a Bound:
But now two Paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of Courtesie,
I should not make so great a show of Zeal.
But let my Favours hide thy mangled Face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank my self
For doing these fair Rites of Tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy Praise with thee to Heav'n,
Thy Ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph. [*He sees* Falstaff.
What! Old Acquaintance! Could not all this Flesh
Keep in a little Life? Poor *Jack*, farewel.
I could have better spar'd a better Man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to Day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in Blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

Falstaff *rises.*

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowel me to Day, I'll give you leave to Powder me, and eat me too to Morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit?---I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a Counterfeit, for he is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the Life of a Man: But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect Image of Life indeed. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my Life. I am afraid of this Gun-Powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should Counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no

Body

Body for me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes* Hot-Spur *on his Back.*

Enter Prince Henry *and Prince* John *of* Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou
Thy Maiden Sword [*Seeing him.*

Lan. But ſoft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſs, and bleeding on the Ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it Fantaſie that plays upon our Eye-ſight?
I prithee ſpeak, we will not truſt our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double Man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, ſo; if not let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd, my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to Lying! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock: If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour bear the Sin upon their own Heads. I'll take't on my Death I gave him this Wound in the Thigh: if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *John*.
Come bring your Luggage nobly on your Back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt Terms I have.

[*A Retreat is ſounded.*

The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the Day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what Friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they ſay, for Reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great again, I'll

Ill grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a noble Man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and Terms of Love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our Offers contrary?
Miſuſe the Tenor of thy Kinſman's Truſt?
Three Knights upon our Party ſlain to Day,
A noble Earl and many a Creature elſe
Had been alive this Hour,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my Safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Ex.* Worceſter *and* Vernon.
How goes the Field?

P. Henry. The noble *Scot*, Lord *Dowglaſs*, when he ſaw
The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his Men
Upon the foot of Fear, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a Hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the Purſuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglaſs* is, and I beſeech your Grace
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother *John* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this Honourable Bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglaſs*, and deliver him
Up to his Pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His Valour ſhewn upon our Creſts to Day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high Deeds,

Even

Even in the Bosom of our Adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*,
Towards *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed
To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.
My self and my Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of such another Day;
And since this Business so far is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Volume.

Even in the Bolom of our Adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains, that we divide our Power.
You Son York, and my Cousin Westmorland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your desired Speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in Arms.
My self and my Son Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of [illegible] Day;
And since this Business [illegible]
Let us not leave till all [illegible] be won. [Exeunt.